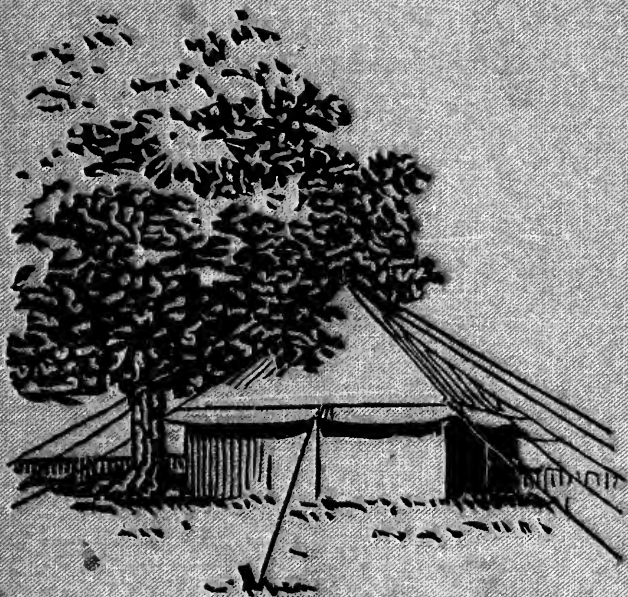
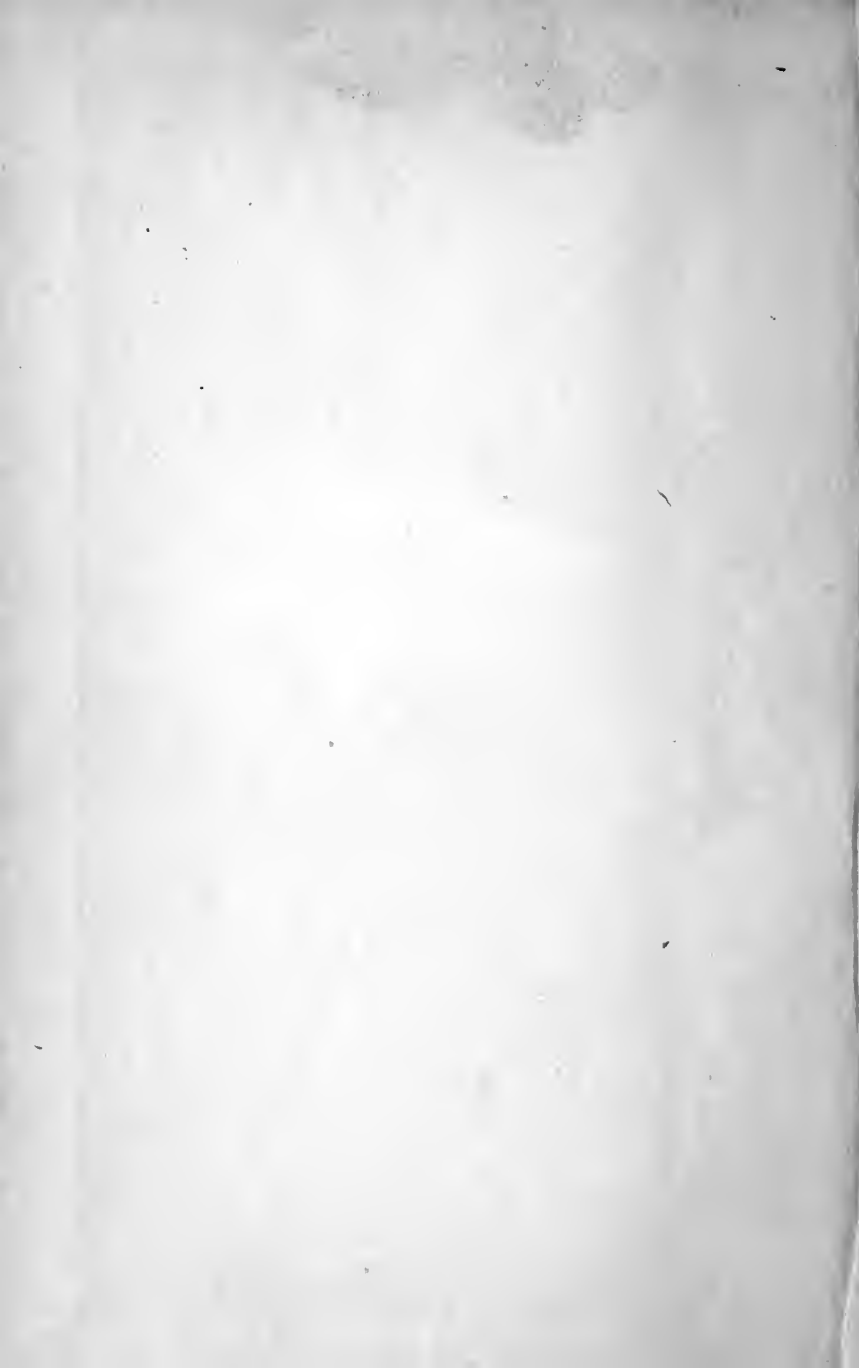


Phoebe Rowe









PHOEBE ROWE, 1896

Mac's Aunt

Phœbe Rowe

By ISABELLA THOBURN

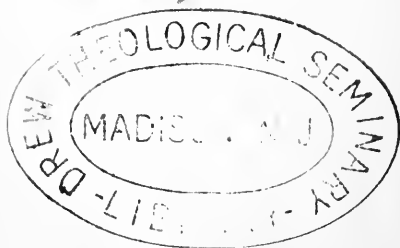


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PREFACE

THOSE who read to the end this story of Phœbe Rowe's life will be glad to know that her work still goes on. She had written of her last sad experience in witnessing against idolatry, "I was afraid it would make weak ones stumble, but may be it will prove a blessing to this needy district," and the result was as she hoped. Nothing that had been said so roused us to the necessity of utterly effacing every trace of idolatry from home and village, destroying its roots of superstition and its offshoots in social and family customs. Meetings were held to impress this duty upon preachers, teachers, and Bible-women; articles were printed, sermons preached, and earnest prayer made; and when Conference time came round again, instead of one evangelistic band, six were arranged for, to itinerate among the villages, and carry

this crusade into the homes and among the women.

There is some expense incident to this work, requiring, as it does, tents, carts, and oxen, and it is intended that what is made from the sale of this little book shall be devoted to that purpose.

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PHŒBE ROWE

I

Early Years

IN the European part of the city of Allahabad there are wide roads shaded by rows of trees, and on either side bungalows looking out from their surrounding fruit and flower gardens. Some of these houses are large and in keeping with the fine Government buildings of that capital of the Northwest Provinces, and others are the plainer homes of clerks in various departments of the civil service. In one of the latter lived William Rowe and his daughter Phœbe, left to his care since her second year, when her young mother died of cholera. This mother was Eurasian, devoted to her home and loving God and goodness. Phœbe united in her character the gentleness and devotion of her Indian mother and the Scotch integrity of her father. He reared her ten-

derly and wisely, teaching her himself, rather than send her to schools where she could not be protected as he wished from wrong influences and tendencies. Father and child were inseparable companions, and the attachment between them was almost pathetic. In his absence in office much of her time in the earlier years was spent with a kind friend living near. Another agent in her training and protection was a Mohammedan ayah, or nurse, an old woman who took the greatest care of her in every way. Phœbe says, "She never allowed me to be with the other servants for fear I might hear bad language; and no matter how sleepy or unwilling I was, she never allowed me to go to bed without saying my prayers." She made no attempt to interfere with her Christian beliefs; but, an important thing from Mussulman standpoint, she made her promise never to eat pork, a promise which Phœbe kept until her visit to America.

Mr. Rowe and his daughter attended a Presbyterian Church, and Phœbe has always remembered her Sunday-school teacher there with affection and gratitude. The naturally

reverent heart of the child thought she had received a benediction when the Scotch minister in passing by laid his hand on her head. It was not until she was thirteen, however, that she fully understood her need and accepted Christ as her Savior. She sat one afternoon on the veranda with some work in her hands. It was the beautiful Indian winter and the little garden was bright with flowers. On either side the oranges hung golden among their green leaves and the guava branches drooped with their fruitage. The young housekeeper loved her home, and took much pride in its care and much pleasure in having it pretty and comfortable for her father when he came home day by day. As she sat happily at work she saw Mr. Evans, the Baptist missionary, coming up the walk. He was one of those missionaries whose call to preach the gospel was to every creature and did not exclude any because they were Christians in name. He was now passing along the street, visiting from house to house, "haling" men and women for his Master. He sat down and talked to Phoebe, in his earnest,

practical way, of a new heart and life and of conscious salvation, and her ever-teachable spirit opened to the truth without doubt or delay. Sitting on the veranda in the winter sunshine she received her Lord and became his disciple, to follow him loyally to the end of her pilgrimage.

A few weeks after she and her father were baptized together and received as members of the Baptist Church.

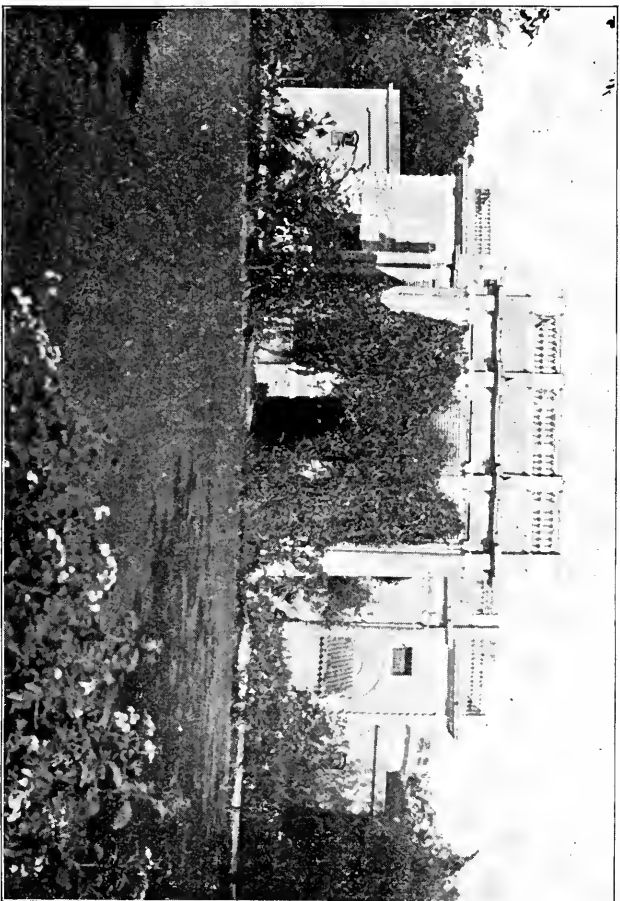
A new life had come to her in many ways. She said, "It seemed that I had always loved my father with all my heart, but now it was a new kind of love." Christian friends took an interest in the lonely girl. Mrs. Evans especially was her friend and counselor. She passed three very happy years, going on with her lessons, teaching in Sunday-school, and beginning her missionary work by teaching her servants. To prepare herself for this she began to learn Hindi with a pundit whom her father engaged to teach her. She also taught a few European children from the neighboring houses.

In the midst of this happy girlhood came

the bereavement of her life. Her father died after a short illness, and she was left alone. She went to Mrs. Evans while her affairs were settled and the little home sold. The money it brought was afterward given to the new church buildings in Lucknow and Allahabad.

Some years later she wrote in her journal of a visit to her old home: "How my heart thrilled as I passed through the streets where my father had walked, and saw the old places! I went alone to see our old home; there is now no garden. The lovely hedge of sweet peas that bloomed at this season is not seen now. The rare roses which my father tended so carefully, and from which he used to cut blossoms for me, are gone. Only the fruit-trees remain, but they are neglected. I broke a leaf from a siras tree that grew near my room window where father and I often sat together, and I brought a bunch of orange-blossoms away with me. How happy it would make me to have my father again in this dear old home! The fragrance of these flowers is no sweeter than the thoughts of my home and my father's love."

The girls' boarding-school at Lal Bagh, Lucknow, opened in 1870, had increased in numbers, and become an important part of the mission work of that city. Another teacher was required, and special prayer had been offered that some one might be sent who would be a blessing to the girls coming to us, not only to be educated, but to be trained for Christian life and work. Mr. Osborne was at that time living in Lucknow in Government service, but a lay preacher, and going often to hold meetings at Allahabad, his former residence. He told us of Miss Rowe, whose father he had known; and I wrote to her and asked her to become a member in our family and a teacher in our school. She replied, with the humility that distinguished her through life, that while she was willing to work, she was not sufficiently educated to be a teacher. I promised her further opportunity for study and self-improvement, and she finally accepted the offer, came to the place that was to be to her a happy home for the next ten years, and afterward at intervals when she was more needed at Lucknow than elsewhere. She



THE LAL BAGH HOME



came to me one day with her Bible in her hand, saying, "I have found a text for you and one for me." Mine was, "I will be to him a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come;" and hers, "God setteth the solitary in families." To both of us our home was a family home and a sanctuary. It was the home of her heart to the last.

I met her at the station; and as the train came in I saw a wistful face look out from the window—almost as old a face as it appeared ten years later; for the shadow of her sorrow was still upon it, and she had left all she loved or ever knew, to go and live among strangers. Her father's only sister had offered her a home, but she chose service in what she believed God's way for her. But it was going into an untried world, and the tall girl of sixteen, unusually shy and self-distrustful, felt it all painfully, but said nothing to any one but her Heavenly Father.

We had no schoolhouse then; but classes were held in rooms in our home and we were much crowded. Our work was new and money scarce, and the house poorly furnished.

I gave Miss Rowe the only room we had to spare—a little place on the end of the veranda, quite apart from the other sleeping-rooms. When I went to say good-night she thanked me sweetly “for giving her such a nice room,” and I did not know until long after that it was the first night of her life that she had ever spent alone.

We often smiled afterward at another of her new experiences, more happy than this. She had not known many Methodists, and the long name, “Methodist Episcopal,” especially the latter, rather frightened her. She did not know just what we might believe or practice, for we had not then spread over the land and there was no Methodist church in Allahabad. She inwardly resolved to be faithful to the Church in which she had been blessed and baptized. She came to us on Thursday. On Friday evening there was a fellowship-meeting in our drawing-room. Phœbe gave her testimony, as she never failed to do when there was opportunity during all the years of her life, and her face was aglow with the joy she felt in the service. When she said

good-night to me she added, "God was good to me when he brought me among the Methodists." True to her loving, trustful nature, she only saw the good in what she met. All who loved the Lord Jesus were her *bhai-band*. Among Christians of the Church of England or with the Presbyterians it was the same: she was one with all who were one with Christ.

The school had only six months before been removed into a central position and lately many new girls of all ages had come in. We had not teachers enough to grade thoroughly and the new material had not been brought under good discipline. Miss Rowe's work was in a room where there were two classes, in all about thirty girls, at the age when girls are the most unreasonable and hard to manage. An experienced teacher might have found it a task. No wonder, then, that Miss Tinsley, then in charge of the classes, said to me the next week, "I am afraid Miss Rowe will not make a teacher." Miss Rowe's fears and heartaches she kept to herself, except when, within the walls of her little room, she told them to God. Gradually and quietly she

gained control of the class and won the girls, not only to love her, but to love God and do right.

We were not preparing for Government examinations in those early days, and her ability in that line of work was not tested; but no teacher was ever more successful in molding character. Her care for her pupils reached beyond the schoolroom, and she spent much time with them in their dormitories, in the dining-room, and on the playground, often eating with them, and often reading to them while they mended or worked. Some in this way acquired tastes for books which made them readers themselves, and enlarged their whole sphere of life. She was the confidante of the girls, not in hearing tales about each other, but in hearing their heart stories and struggles. And she was their wise helper in all their difficulties. I find these passages in her journal of that time:

"I went for the girls' prayers at half-past seven. While they were gathering Fray came and, putting her arms about me, said: 'Miss Rowe, I am so happy. I have not quarreled

with any one this week, nor been cross in class. I find that when I pray to Jesus with all my heart he always helps me.' I was glad, for I had seen this child struggling against her temptations. She is a dear little Christian. After prayers some lingered for a talk, telling me their difficulties. I came away feeling happy because some of God's little ones had been helped. I find no greater joy than this."

Again: "I have been a little discouraged with the girls this week. The seed has to be sown over and over. The birds of the air have carried it away from so many hearts. I wish I had a stronger, purer influence. I do n't know where the trouble lies, but Jesus knows. He sees me trying to do the work he has given me, and I leave my failures with him, asking that his grace may be made perfect in my weakness."

"My heart was rejoiced to see that the Lord is working in the heart of one of the little girls. I have been reading some stories to the children. Dear little Jessie came close to me and listened so attentively."

"So many trying things have been happening; the girls have been naughty. I tried to speak to them at prayers, but there was such a burden on my heart that I could only kneel

down and tell it to the Master. Some hearts were touched and about twenty came back to talk after prayers."

Miss Rowe did not mold from without, but implanted character in her pupils. She had the rare power of seeing the best possibilities of each nature, and so developing them that the evil had not room to grow, but gave place to the good. Not only as a teacher, but in all her intercourse with others throughout life, "as we recognize in those we meet that character which is our own, so her own nobleness called out a response, and she saw in others what her own noble nature had awakened."

She saw to such an extent the importance of the possibilities of this work among school girls that she would have gladly remained in it for life if other and needier classes of people had not been shown her. She used to say in later years that if her health should so fail that she could not go about among the villages, she wanted to come to Lal Bagh and be house-mother in the school. She recognized the fact that the matron of a school like ours

has more influence than any one connected with it, being brought into closer contact with the girls than the teachers are, and having better opportunities to form their characters. To her opportunity was treasure to be coveted.

As she had written me before she came, her education was limited; but in self-improvement she kept pace with the needs of her work, studying alone, or with the help of one of the mission ladies, as she found opportunity. Mrs. Mudge, whose home was only a few steps distant, helped her and the other young teachers with their lessons. No press of work was ever allowed to come between her and the hour with her Munshi; and from the Hindi, which she had begun before she came to us, she went on to Urdu and Persian, until she could use Hindustani, of which she had already accent and idiom, not only in ordinary school work, but in easy conversation with the many classes of people with whom her useful after-life brought her in contact. She writes in vacation time: "All the forenoon I have been

studying Persian. It is so pretty—a great deal sweeter and smoother than English.”

It was during her second year in Lucknow that she entered a higher life of faith and a deeper life of love. She had been troubled by temptations common to us all, and though we who were with her day by day never saw her take a misstep, she who knew her own heart was conscious of failings within that troubled her. We used to smile when she spoke of her “pride and selfishness,” for no one ever saw the slightest manifestation of either; but she explained it afterward when the victory had come. In every-day life there are words and acts, perhaps only thoughtless, but which seem intentionally unkind, and she knew that it was pride that made her feel the apparent slights, and, instead of pitying herself and blaming others, she called it by its right name. In India, where class and caste make wide divisions, and where there is peculiar sensitiveness at their points of contact, these heart-burnings are the bane of many a life. Then there were duties for others which

she saw before her, requiring greater self-sacrifice, and while she took them up, she felt an inward shrinking and unwillingness; this she called selfishness. When she heard of deliverance from such unworthy feelings she resolved it should be hers, and she set aside one Sabbath-day for prayer for this object. She sent me word that she would not come to breakfast, and after the early Sunday-school, which in India begins at six o'clock in summer, she went to her room and, closing the door, knelt before God. As she tells the story, "I prepared to struggle; but when I knelt beside my bed and looked up, I saw the face of my Heavenly Father, and the work was done." Her prayer became praise, her fasting a feast, and she walked out through the garden, bringing flowers to the breakfast-table.

This joyful experience never left her. The grace of God was received from day to day according to her need, and he crowned the grace with glory.

Since she passed away a lady said of her: "I once saw her rise in a meeting where all

were asked to rise who had received the baptism of the Spirit, and afterward I asked her how she knew. She replied, 'Because I have victory.' "

It was a victory that reached all the way from that Sabbath morning in her room to the hour when death, the last enemy, was overcome through the blood of the Lamb.

Beginning of Her Work as Evangelist

WHILE a teacher Miss Rowe's heart and thought were always drawn out to those beyond the school gates, and when time could be snatched from the daily routine, she visited in our neighborhood those who she thought needed any help she could give. She writes: "It has been my delight, in the old season, when school begins at ten o'clock, to go out visiting from seven to nine, and I am always glad when Saturday comes around, because I can spend so much of the day among the people. God is my Father and is planning for me, and as earthly parents try to give their children the best possible education, so my dear Father is educating me. He gives me the work I can do best; and though often I think that if I had more time to go visiting among the nominal Christians I could do more good, yet I am sure that this is where God

would have me now, among the girls. I am learning not to fret, because so much of the day is taken up in teaching grammar and geography, when it seemed to me the time should be given to higher subjects. I forgot that God could work by his Spirit and did not need my poor, weak words."

In the year 1871 a revival in Lucknow had awakened nominal Christians and begun a work among those who came under its influence, that continued to manifest itself in different forms of Christian activity for years after. There were cottage prayer-meetings in both languages, house-to-house visiting, and Sunday-schools wherever a band of children could be gathered together. This activity was at its height when Miss Rowe came to Lucknow, and she was soon a part of it all, helping wherever she could. In 1874 she was allowed to give up her school work for the time and, as Miss Tinsley's assistant, devoted herself entirely to visiting and holding meetings. Their department also included zanana teaching, in which she was as successful as she had been in the school, winning her way into many a

home and heart which had never before been opened to any light.

The girl of eighteen went about fearlessly, or if she had fears they were not spoken, and it was surprising that everywhere she was so well received. Wicked men, abandoned women, respectable worldlings, young men students of families in whose *zananas* she taught, Hindu and Mohammedan men and women, all listened, at least respectfully, to the message, if they did not heed.

Among other Lal Bagh institutions is an early Christmas morning prayer-meeting, which is followed by a "Happy Christmas" social, with coffee and sandwiches. It was begun one year when there were a number of new converts who had been addicted to drink, and about whom we were anxious. These were not converts from among the heathen, but from the class that in India is called Christian, because some time, perhaps in infancy, they have been baptized. They are Europeans, Eurasians, and Native Christians so-called, for the term "Christian" in India is a caste rather than a religious name. Drinking

in India is a social vice, and the foe is in the house instead of in the saloon. Christmas-day, wedding, and christening feasts are especially desecrated by wine-drinking. The custom, perhaps, began with the early Portuguese and French settlements; but it is now prevalent in all the cities where there are mixed communities. Many families, in drifting from place to place, have drifted away from any Church home and have come to neglect every Christian observance but this. They will dress in their best and go to Church on Christmas, and they will entertain their friends who call, with cake and wine. They will also have their children baptized and then give a feast. Some who never touch wine at any other time think that politeness and friendship demand it then. Not many drink to excess at such times; but the custom is a temptation to the weak, already ensnared in the habit and trying to break their bonds. The morning prayer-meeting, with its lessons of trust and obedience, its warm-hearted greetings and the coffee and Christmas cake, have been the means of saving and keeping many. I mention it here to tell

of Miss Rowe's way of working, her persistent faith, and unselfish devotion.

An Englishman, a working man, had been converted, had for several years lived consistently and then fell back into the habit from which he had been once rescued, and began to drink. He was visited and again put in the right way, and for some months had been doing well. When Christmas was approaching it was always necessary to look after these tempted victims of social drinking. Evening by evening, when the regular duties of the day were over, Phœbe went about in the dusk visiting those who needed warning or support. Christmas-eve she said to me: "I fear Mr. B—— is drinking again. I was there the other day and I am going this evening to make sure that he will come to-morrow morning." When she returned she said she saw nothing wrong and might be mistaken, and added, "But he ought to be here and all of them, and if you do n't mind, I will send the *gari* for them in the morning." And then, with her face alight with the Christmas love and joy, she joined us in putting up the deco-

rations that always occupy us on that evening—wreathing glossy-leaved creepers around the pictures and trailing them over doors and windows and arranging the roses on tables and mantels.

The next morning the B——'s had not come when the service began and each time the door opened to admit a late comer I saw Phœbe look eagerly, and then turn her face away with a deeper expression of anxiety. When we knelt in prayer she slipped out, and after a while Mrs. B—— and the children came in. When the service ended, Mrs. B—— went before I could speak to her, and I saw nothing more of Miss Rowe. About eight o'clock a man came with a penciled note, "Please send me some strong coffee," and by that sign I knew the condition in which she had found her man. At ten o'clock we went to Church. Mrs. B—— and her children came and went again. When I returned a coolie with a basket of bottles on his head was waiting for me. The note he brought said, "He is coming round, and has been per-

sueded to give me these." The contents went into the drain and more coffee was sent.

We received Christmas calls during the day, and in the late afternoon the Mission Circle, according to our custom, met at a common dinner-table; but although none more than she enjoyed these home gatherings, Phœbe was absent from it all. Later she came in, wearied with her day of service, but full of the joy of the Lord, which was her strength. Mr. B—— had begun drinking when some friends had called after her visit the evening before, and had taken more in the morning. The only way to protect him from his own weakness in his then condition, was to stay and watch him. She thought she could manage better when the children were not by, and sent them with their mother to Church, while she remained on guard, giving at intervals the antidote she had asked for, and as soon as he was sober enough to allow it sending away the bottles, the sight of which was a temptation. But her work was not done to her mind until he was again sincerely repentant, con-

siously forgiven, and restored. She gave her Christmas-day to this service. Friends missed her, but Jesus did not, for she was ministering to him.

No wonder that I find George MacDonald's little poem, "What Jesus Said," written out in one of her books and cut from papers and pasted in the blank pages of two others. Whatever she may have missed on earth—

"It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of her Guide."

Another time she told me of a visit she had made that frightened me.

"There, Phœbe? Did you know what kind of a house it is?"

"Was there anything wrong? She treated me very kindly."

"You must not go alone again. She is a very bad woman."

She was English, over sixty, and her business was to ensnare young girls.

Phœbe looked greatly troubled, and said: "I am so sorry if I can not go, for I promised to fetch her to Church Sunday evening. She

has not been for years. She really seems unhappy and troubled about her present life—and I promised.”

I could not refuse her this service in search of any lost creature. I could not offer to go instead, for I had tried and failed; and I could only watch from a distance, after making her promise not to go further than the veranda. She was too well known and too single-minded to fear what any one might think of seeing her in the company of such a notorious character. All her errands were errands of mercy, and everybody knew it.

The end was that the woman was saved, gave up her house, and went to another city to live with respectable relatives, who forgave and received her, and she has now, no doubt, clasped in heaven the gentle hand that led her out and away from the gates of hell.

It was at this time that Miss Rowe's singing began to attract attention, in both Hindustani and English. It was not the music, it was not because of cultivation, for she had none; but it was a naturally sweet and strong voice, used with taste and feeling by a Spirit-

filled woman, who sang, as she did everything else, for the glory of God. She sang simple hymns, but they spoke the soul language and souls understood.

During these years, when the days and often the evenings were filled with work, and much of it of a most serious nature, yet we had many bright hours of relaxation in our home-life; and when together at the table, or after the last evening guest had gone, no circle could have been more merry, or better enjoy innocent fun, than the young teachers at Lal Bagh. Not only then, but to the last, Miss Rowe entered heartily into all the pleasures she or those around her had time for, and no one ever saw more quickly, or was inwardly more amused at the comical side of many of the characters we met and at the funny side of life generally.

She was not always strong, and in 1875 she had a summer vacation at Naini Tal, which was her first visit to the mountains. A few years later, a visit to Calcutta in the cold season was a great pleasure to her. These outings she spoke of long after as encourage-

ments and helps. She made every good thing about her a means of growth. The meek inherit the earth. The grandeur of the high mountains and the delicate beauty of the wild thyme and rock mosses at her feet were alike her own possession. The noble Christian workers whom she met were of her Father's family; and if she might not know them personally, yet it was her heart's delight to see and hear them, and learn from them some life lesson. Some of these learned from her when she little knew of it.

Much as she admired clever people and enjoyed their society, she never sought it to the neglect of the "little ones" whom she might in any way help. The marked passage in her Bible with the marginal note, "The Lord being my helper, I will," gave the key to her life and work: "Comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all."

We had many gatherings at Lal Bagh—generally of all classes of people, often including strangers to most of the family, or who felt at first a little shy and out of place. As

the talking and singing went on, and groups gathered together according to taste or inclination, Miss Rowe found out these timid and often uninteresting ones, and not only made them happy and at home, but helped them in the difficulties they found themselves confiding to her. Often in a retired corner of that large room the Way was pointed out to souls in the dark. Often, too, this gentle Priscilla, unconsciously to herself, made plain the truth in Christ to a new Apollos.

Near the large house at Lal Bagh is a comparatively small one, which was evidently built for a zanana, but by whom or for whom we do not know. It was bought with the place, and before we built dormitories for our boarders it was utilized for the schoolgirls. After they no longer occupied it we made it our first "Home for Homeless Women"—a refuge for those who came or were sent to us for protection. But in a few years the compound of a girls' school was scarcely the place for such an institution, and the house was set apart for Bible-women instead. It has been ever since the home of the noble woman who was Miss

Rowe's companion in all her village mission work—Mrs. Caroline Richards, or as she is more familiarly called, "Caroline Mamma." She had been first a nurse, then matron in the Orphanage, and later became a Bible-woman, though the other service was doubly more remunerative.

When Mrs. Richards came to Lal Bagh she had four daughters—one married, one a zanana teacher, and two girls, who were day scholars in our school. The youngest of these, a very promising girl, died of cholera. The mother's heart was sorely stricken. In comforting her, Phoebe said, "I will be a *beti* to you, mamma," and the relation, so far as service on both sides could make it, was maintained to the last. A weekly visit to the little house was never omitted, and if there was trouble there, it was made daily. It was Caroline Mamma who took care of the old Mohammedan ayah who had been Miss Rowe's faithful nurse in her childhood, and whom she in turn cared for in decrepit age. She had a little room to herself near by, and when Miss Rowe was transferred to Moradabad she com-

mitted her to Caroline Mamma, who ministered to her as tenderly to the last as though she had been a Christian saint, instead of a childish old Mohammedan.

Caroline's house was often like a hospital, especially in the days before the English Medical Mission opened their hospitable wards to all whom they could help there. She visited the sick among other ministries, and when she found some one whose surroundings were so uncomfortable that there was small chance of recovery, she would bring her home and care for her as tenderly as for her own. She has also adopted orphan children—has shown hospitality without grudging, has gone about wherever there was trouble, either from sickness, sorrow, or sin, and all the time has regularly gone the rounds of the city znanas with the other Bible-women. To work with her was to be kept in touch with the many needs of the many needy people around us.

One characteristic service of Miss Rowe's was in connection with this family. The son-in-law was a member of Conference and had been appointed to an undesirable situation in

a remote place, to which he was not willing to go. He came to Lucknow from Conference, and sat day by day for two weeks, tempted to leave the ministry, to blame the missionaries—to do anything but take up the hard duty before him. During this time Miss Rowe made daily visits to the Bible-woman's house, and evening by evening the little group talked and prayed together until the 'sufficient grace' was received, and the servant was ready to go anywhere in the service for his Master. The result was a revival in the jungle village and its neighborhood, and a self-denying and spiritual work by that man ever since.

I said that in 1874 she was appointed to evangelistic work, but two years later she was back in school again to continue in that department most of her time in Lal Bagh; and yet while a teacher there she was always ready on holidays or when any opportunity occurred to visit the zanas, where she had become acquainted and beloved, and to join those going to the bathing-places or melas.

No account of Miss Rowe's work in Lucknow would be complete without mention of

her relation to the Hindustani Church and all the native Christians. She was a sister in Christ to every one of them, attending all their meetings and visiting them from house to house. They came to her in fellowship and friendship, and for counsel and comfort in trouble. At their feasts she was always a guest, and sometimes this was more of a tax than a pleasure, as when she remained later than our usual hours because her presence checked some unchristian practices among those who were not willing to be peculiar, and give up the wine or the *nach* that were thought allowable at weddings. Old men liked to talk to her of their hopes of heaven, young men came for advice about their plans for the future, young girls sat at her feet and learned to be true. As time passed and she was better known throughout the North India Conference, she was often asked for other places, and in 1881, because the need was so great, it was decided that she be transferred to the Bareilly Orphanage. When the news reached Lucknow the Hindustani Church held a meet-

ing and made such a protest that, united with the appeal from the Lucknow missionaries, the Conference plan was changed, and she was allowed to remain.

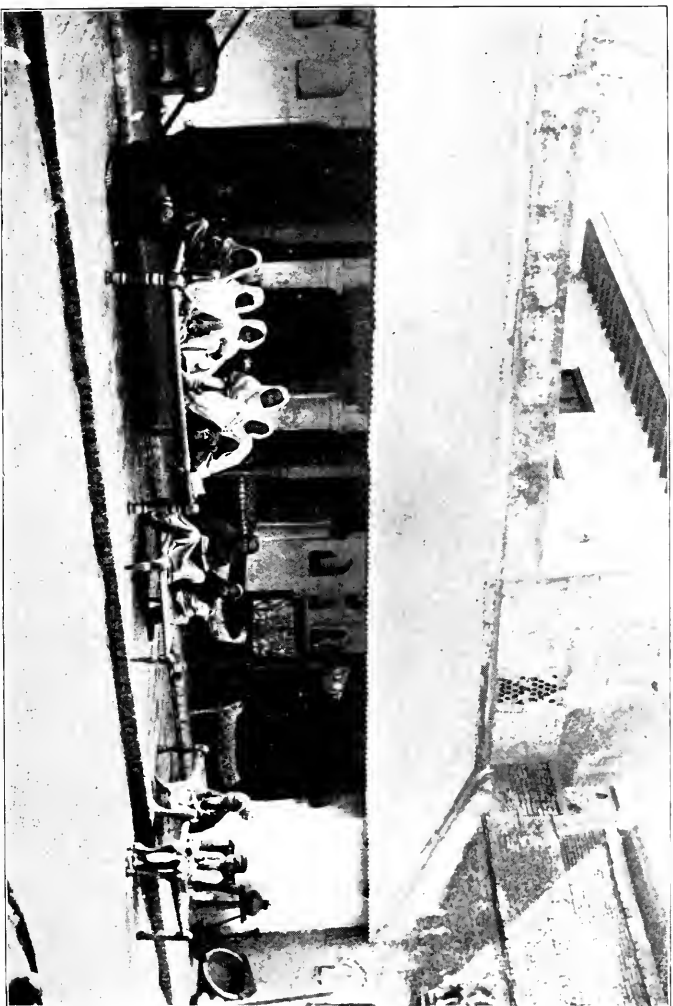
And she was one of that class of whom it is said that they are not acceptable to the natives!

III

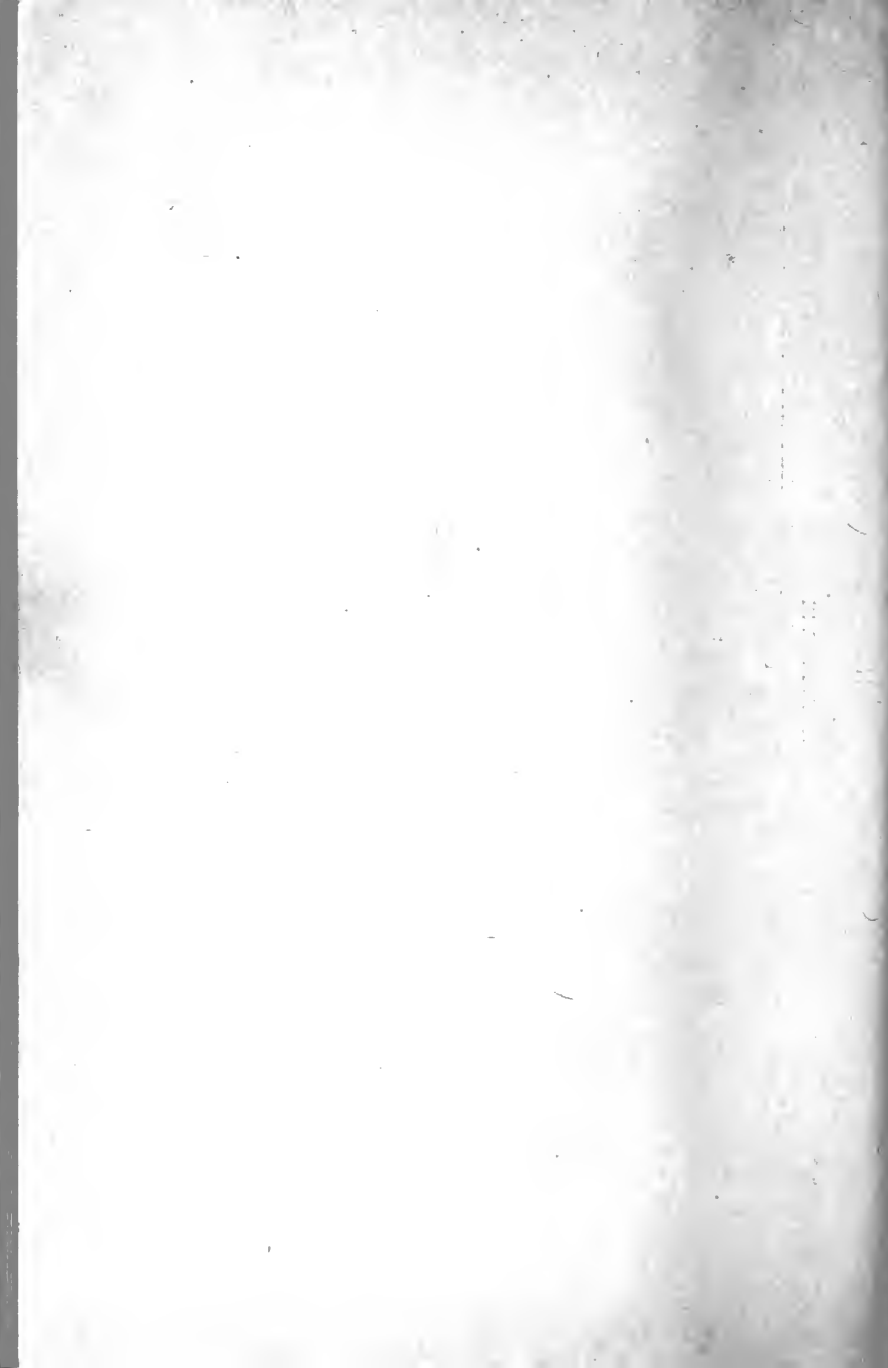
Missionary Stations

A YEAR later the call came again, and this time the need was so great that there was no appeal. The work had widened, but the laborers were few. Especially those who were capable of taking responsibility and directing the work of others. All saw that Miss Rowe must be allowed to go; but to the Lal Bagh Home and to her it was much like the going of a missionary from the family circle to a foreign land. We never ceased to miss the gentle but strong influence in our midst, the helpful, restful life that gave all and demanded nothing in return, the peaceful spirit that neither received nor gave offense, that covered the faults and weaknesses of others with a mantle of love, that took no account of evil, hoped all things, endured all things, loved every one, and all the time.

All in authority felt that for the new re-



IN THE ZANANA



sponsibility she should have the help of official recognition, and she was made a full missionary at the Conference of 1882—a promotion that brought more care than comfort, for it meant that henceforth she could be moved annually if the Conference pleased, without her own choice in the matter. Her choice was always to do the best for the general good, and she meekly accepted the will of those who were her trusted and revered advisers as God's will for her. She used to say, "The opinion of good people about my duty is the only guidance I ever receive." Only once in these twenty-five years did she feel assured that she should choose contrary to the advice of her friends, and that was in a comparatively unimportant matter. The Missionary Society in America confirmed the action of the Conference, and no missionary ever sent out from home was more appreciated and honored there.

She wrote of the trial in leaving Lal Bagh, "my home for ten blessed years," and "all these native Christians whom I love as my own." The parting was the more sorrowful

because about the same time Miss Gibson, with whom she had been so happily associated for three years, and whose heart was as her heart in everything connected with the work, was leaving for America in broken health, never to return.

Moradabad was the station to which she was sent, about two hundred miles northwest of Lucknow. Her work there was in the *zannas* and *mohullas* of the city, and sometimes in the outlying villages. By the word *mohulla* in our mission reports we mean sections of the towns occupied by laboring classes, and often by one caste, and where the women as well as the men work, and are not kept in the seclusion of the *zanana*. General meetings can be held in the *mohullas*, and it is not necessary to visit from house to house, unless to see the sick or special cases of persons who can not be gathered with the rest. The majority of our Christian converts live in the *mohullas*.

The year following Miss Rowe's work was in Bijnour, a town about fifty miles northwest of Moradabad. She had similar work there, and in addition a small boarding-school of

Christian girls. Miss Alice D'Abreu was for part of the year her congenial associate and faithful co-laborer. At this time she began making those tours which a few years later became her special line of service. The first object was to visit and instruct Christians, but she also taught and sang the gospel to all who would listen. There were so many to be taught, and among them some were eager to hear—like the old Mohammedan of whom she used to tell in America, who threatened to accuse her in the judgment-day if she would not send a teacher to his village. She was stirred to her heart's depths with longing to stay among the people and help them. But another move had to be made.

Miss Budden's health had failed, and she was obliged to take a furlough. Miss Nickerson, who had been with her a year, felt that she could not return alone to the far-away mountain station of Pithoragarh. There was no one to send with her without withdrawing from another place—from one needy field to another; but this has so often to be done, because the laborers are so few. Besides, Miss

Rowe's health had not been very good during the year at Bijnour, and, after so many years' hard work without a furlough, she needed the change to the mountains. For these reasons the Conference of 1884 appointed her to Pithoragarh Mission. This mission takes its name from the principal village in a valley called Shor, five thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by summits two or three thousand feet higher still, while far in the north against the sky rise the pearly peaks of the snowy range. It is eight days' march east of Naini Tal, near the Nepal border, and was the northeastern outpost of our mission until the work spread from there four days' march further into Bhot, and then on north to the border of Thibet. The Shor Valley is about six miles wide and is dotted over with villages which look picturesque from the distance, with the whitewashed stone walls of the houses looking out from plantain, pomegranate, and walnut trees, and surrounded by fields of grain, or pastures from which may be heard tinkling bells of flocks. On a hill-slope a gray stone fort, now deserted, tells of the place

this valley occupied in the war with Nepal. On one of the surrounding mountains overlooking this valley is Chandag, the home of Mary Reed, who had not then reached India. Beautiful as it is, and peaceful to outward appearance, there is no more needy mission field in heathendom than this. "On every high hill and under every green tree" is a shrine or temple of some god. Within the pretty villages is found not only squalid poverty and filth, but sin in its worst form. A peculiar form of polygamy is practiced. A man may marry as often as he wishes, but when he takes a new wife, the other must go. She is not received again by her parents, and unless she is stronger and purer than could be expected from her ignorance, she wanders away, and "her feet go down to death." There are whole villages of prostitutes among these hills. Many poor women longed for a refuge, and in the house established for them by the mission they live in safety, working in the fields around them for their daily bread.

There is also a girl's Orphanage and boarding-school at Pithoragarh. Miss Rowe had

charge of the school, and also superintended the village work. While the school work was faithfully done, and she took the greatest interest in every one of the girls, yet her heart was drawn out to the villagers. Skirting the mission premises at one side is a sacred grove, in the midst of which is a small temple; beside is a spring of water under a peepul-tree, up which climbs a passion-flower. In one of the little courts of the temple lived an aged priestess, vigorous in intellect still, and ruling well her colony of devotees, whose cottages were among the trees. She had visited every sacred place in India, and for her long pilgrimages, as well as for her wisdom, she was held in great veneration. Under a projecting rock on the slope above she had a wall built, and made a little nook for herself where she could be alone to meditate, and here she asked Phœbe to meet her and talk to her of the Sinless Incarnation. The old woman never became a Christian; but she is mentioned to show the kind of people the missionary meets in the most remote places in these mountains.

There are a few interesting notes of a jour-

ney to a mela, held on the banks of the Ram Gunga, a tributary of the Ganges. She had with her a band of Bible-women and school-girls. As the latter were all mountaineers, they could walk better than she, and she had a hill pony for her use; but, as it turned out, it was used oftener by others who were sick or tired. There by the river brink or to those who came to the tent, they talked to and taught the many classes of men and women who had gathered either for worship or for trade.

“While we were talking, a group of strange-looking women came and stood behind the listeners. They wore long, coarse robes, tied at the waist with bands. They had many beads around their necks, and their hair hung down their backs in long braids. One old woman held a brass instrument like a toy, which she constantly swung on a pivot; on the other hand she wore a shell. There was a plaintive look in her eyes, which were growing dim with age. We asked why she swung the toy, and a man of their nationality who understood our Hindustani, said: ‘When this old woman was a child she committed a great crime. After becoming old enough to understand her guilt, it made her very unhappy.

She was advised to go to the temple of the great Lama, somewhere on the mountains. She made the wearisome pilgrimage, saw the Lama, obtained absolution, and received from him the prayer-wheel, which is never out of her hand except when eating or sleeping. If she wakes at night she takes it up and swings it.' I longed to tell this burdened soul of the Sin-bearer; but she could not understand. Several of our party tried to make her understand, but failed; she only looked at us blankly, and went on swinging her wheel."

"The last day Patras (the native preacher from Pithoragarh), asked me to go with him into the mela. I went with a trembling heart, dreading to be made a gazing-stock. A great number of Bhotiyes and Zamindars gathered around us. A Brahman raised some question; but the power of the Lord was present to convict and silence. The evening star appeared like a bright light between two peaks, and with weary feet we reached the tent, pitched near a little stream. We had for dinner a cup of tea and some chapaties and jam. How glad we were to get into our beds of straw and blankets! We read the traveler's Psalm, sung a hymn, and when we bowed in prayer our thankful hearts overflowed with praise. I lay

awake, listening to the babbling of the stream, thinking and praying. I was so thankful for the privilege of working."

After four days at the mela the party started to return; a boy, who had been taken sick the day before on the pony, and Miss Rowe walking. The mountain valleys are warm in summer, and she was weary—also discouraged because so little had been done.

"Unlike other melas, there were very few women, and we had not been able to do much for the men that crowded around us. At sunset we passed some hills whose summits were covered with tall firs. Down in the valley it was very still and nothing disturbed the silence but the evening song of a bird. While the party of merry, laughing girls went on, I sat on a rock to talk to Him who had compassed our going out and our coming in. While waiting before him in silence, he spoke in tones of tenderest love, seeming to say, 'I know and accept thy work of love.' Joy inexpressible filled and overflowed my soul, and the Master's smile lightened the rest of the journey."

"*15th.*—We were wakened at three o'clock, which made the tired girls unhappy. The boy

was better, and I rode part of the way. Wild roses climbed up the trees by the wayside, and the air was fragrant with their blossoms. I overtook one of our coolies sitting under a tree, resting from the burden that lay beside him. On seeing me he got up and himself began to talk of what he had heard. I sent the horse back for Khilya, and walked on with him. He said that during the few days he had been with us and heard our words the truth had taken hold of him, and by God's help he would remember what he had learned. While we talked a group of travelers were passing and, attracted by something they heard, followed us a little way. I sat down on a rock to be better able to talk. One old man took a copy of the Dharmtulla, and promised to read it."

In Pithoragarh, as in every other of her many halting-places, Miss Rowe helped to build up the native Church, and strengthened the hands of its pastor.





PHOEBE ROWE, 1887
(Taken in America)

IV

Visit to America

THE following year we were able to make other arrangements for that place, and to our great joy she was returned to Lucknow. For many months the school was almost entirely in her hands, owing to my ill-health. It was a year of severe trial and required all her matured courage and wisdom to meet its difficulties. The following year also taxed her patience to the utmost. Miss Nickerson, who returned to Lucknow when she did, was in failing health all the year, and before its close the care of her occupied all of Miss Rowe's time. It was necessary for some one to go with her to America, and her much-loved associate for the three preceding years was chosen by herself and others for her companion and care-taker. I had hoped, when I sailed for America the year before, that Miss Rowe might sometime be allowed by the Missionary

Society, for its sake and hers, to make this country a visit ; but I little thought of such sad occasion for the journey.

They left Lucknow in January, 1887. In Bombay, Miss Nickerson grew worse, and continued to fail after they went on board. Miss Rowe tells the story :

“Our patient grew worse each succeeding day, and sometimes our strength well-nigh failed. Sunday night, after weary, troubled days, the doctor said she was dying. Two days longer she lay unconscious, and then the weary pulse ceased beating. In the moonlight the steamer was stopped, and in the hush that followed Captain Laud read the beautiful burial service. Then all that was earthly of our sister was laid down in the deep waters. The night was one of quiet beauty. The young moon touched the rippling waves with silver, and we felt in the stillness of that hour that the Master had seen us toiling in rowing, and had come to us over the waters to say, ‘Peace, be still,’ and had taken his disciple to rest and home. The following days were lonely and sad.”

When the steamer reached Aden, Miss Rowe sent a telegram back to Lucknow, tell-

ing those who loved Miss Nickerson what had taken place, and asking the mission authorities for instructions about proceeding, or returning. The answer could not reach her there, but at Suez she received a cable message to go on. Her ticket had been taken to America, and she needed the change and rest.

Dr. Johnson told her before leaving India to cable to New York to the Mission Rooms from Glasgow, telling them what steamer she would take; but, true to her practice through life, she thought that now Miss Nickerson was gone it would not be necessary to give any one trouble on her own account. Hence when she entered the strange land she was not met by any of those who were so eager to welcome her. She went to a hotel and the next morning called at the Mission Rooms. She knew Dr. Reid, who had visited India a few years before. She said in her journal:

"I was shown the way to the office, and saw several venerable-looking men sitting at desks. Dr. Reid's was the first friend's face I had seen, and his warm welcome brought the tears to my eyes. A few hours later, Mrs. Skid-

more and Jennie (Miss Gibson) came to the hotel and with them I went to Dr. Reid's kind home for the night. The next day was spent at Mrs. Skidmore's, and then I went with Jennie to Albany, where dear Mrs. McNamara gave me a home welcome."

There was snow on the ground, for it was a wintry March; but this was a new and beautiful experience, and she enjoyed it intensely. Then followed an account of missionary meetings held in Albany and New York, until after ten days she came to me in Delaware, Ohio.

After four days of rest, we left on a tour of missionary-meetings, one engagement following another for nearly the whole spring and summer. Our first duty was a visit to Miss Nickerson's mother and other friends, to tell them personally the story of her last hours. A memorial service was held in Clyde, Ohio, where her home had been. All the afternoon we sat with the family, answering their questions and giving what comfort we could for the absence of one whose homecoming they had expected and prepared for. A sister said, "When we heard she was com-

ing we thought one of her own people might have been sent with her; but since we have seen Miss Rowe we are more than satisfied." The church, with its white drapery and flowers, seemed in harmony with the beauty of Miss Nickerson's character, and Miss Rowe writes of this occasion: "As we walked up the aisle Florence seemed to be one of us, fresh and sweet as when she was with us in the early days, and the dark pall that seemed over her since her death was lifted."

As Miss Nickerson had belonged to the Cincinnati Branch, and so much interest was felt in her tragic death at sea, Miss Rowe went next to Cincinnati. There she attended the great meeting of their year—the anniversary of the organization of the Branch Society, always observed with thank-offerings. She was asked to give an account of Miss Nickerson's life and death, and at its close she asked if some one present would not offer to take her place in the ranks at the front. This appeal was Miss Sullivan's call to the mission field, and its acceptance gave to Phoebe Rowe a future co-laborer and a lifelong friend.

The days following were again filled with meetings as she "worked her way," after the manner of missionaries on furlough, to the Thank-offering meeting of the Northwestern Branch, to which she had always belonged, and to Detroit, whose Churches had supported her, and with the Auxiliaries in which she had corresponded for years. Her welcome there she remembered gratefully to the last.

Although the public work was a trial to one who always thought poorly of her own efforts, because her ideals were so high, yet these were happy days. It was springtime, and the budding out of leaves and the blossoms from naked boughs and the opening life of all nature were a constant delight. She writes of occupying a room near the window of which was an apple-tree, all in pink and white bloom, in which a robin sang; and again of dark woods and purling streams, "the tender green of the maple, the purple tint on the oaks, and here and there a pine." But her deepest enjoyment was in the goodness of the people who received her. "Their kindness has been showered down so bountifully my

heart can not hold it, and overflows;" and again, "How much kindness is being shown to one so undeserving!" She was wholly unconscious of her own rare powers to win, and when old people blessed her as a daughter, and gay young girls gave her their romantic admiration, and strong men listened to the plaintive singing with tears on their cheeks, she was only conscious of their "kindness." The women who had worked for missions against difficulties of ignorance and indifference in small Churches and out-of-the-way places, especially touched her heart and sympathy. They were happy days, made so by love and service, and yet without the wearing responsibility of the work on the field.

There was wayside service besides that in the churches. Sometimes it was a word in a waiting-room or to a fellow-passenger on a train; sometimes to a member of a family where we were entertained, and sometimes a visit to an invalid that could not come to the public meetings.

In laying out this itinerary I arranged that she might not only be heard in many places,

but also see as much of the country and as many phases of life as possible. Once it was a Prohibition Convention, the enthusiasm of which she enjoyed; again a college Commencement, where sixty young men and women received diplomas, after addresses in the college campus. We spent a week at Chautauqua early in the season, and there was less to be seen and heard than later; but Mark Guy Pearse was there, and we heard some of his Bible readings; and Dr. Vincent, though not well, was the most interesting personality to a foreigner. An incident shows both his keen observation and Miss Rowe's expressive face. As we were walking past he asked us to call at his cottage. He had not met her before; but he said to her: "You did not like what I said in the hall yesterday. You were better pleased with the remarks of Dr. —, who followed me." She had sat back in the congregation with the multitude, with her usual self-unconsciousness.

From Chautauqua we went to Boston, seeing as much of the city as we could while going and coming to missionary meetings. In

her journal she writes of Boston Common, after mentioning the elms: "In the garden I saw a *genda* (marigold), and nothing there so stirred my heart as this common flower of my native land. I realized that I was still faithful to India." She enjoyed very much the visits to the Butlers and Mudges, and not less to Mrs. Alderman in her home at Hyde Park. Then we went westward again, and made a short visit to Mrs. Messmore in Canada. I find this entry:

"I find more English patriotism in my heart than I knew; I felt it when I saw the 'V. R.' in so many public places, and at Brantford the picture of Queen Victoria awakened recollections that made my heart thrill; and yet America has done more for me than England."

At Niagara "we walked through the park, in which there were groups of people picnicking; some seemed to be working people who were enjoying a holiday; some rushed around and seemed to be making a business of seeing the sights. We came in sight of the Falls—first a pale green river with bubbles purling up and up, then the dash and roar and foam,

and then the fall. We felt the spray in our faces, and saw the mist rise above us; then over to Goat Island, and through the woods until we stood on the jut of land between the two falls, and looked down at the boiling river below; we looked, but talked little in the presence of such majesty; then the Canadian side toward sunset. What we saw there can not be put into words. As we looked the sun came out from behind a cloud, and the bow became a circle—from the heights to the depths the circle was complete. The glory of that hour can never be forgotten. The God of Niagara is my God."

Then followed Lakeside; from there to Mountain Lake Park, Baltimore, Washington, Ocean Grove, and Mount Tabor—and between all these places stops for special meetings. After these came a week's rest with Miss Gibson at Albany, and then West again. Of a railroad dining-room she writes:

"I was very tired, and so were the servants, for they did not give me my seventy-five cents worth. In the waiting-room I saw a young woman who looked timid and lonely; I took

my seat beside her, and we had a pleasant talk. She was a farmer's daughter, busy all day long trying to do her duty, and sometimes feeling her lot narrow."

"I was so glad to reach Delaware and rest. Mrs. Cratty and all the little family met me at the gate, and I was so happy. The next day was such a sweet Sunday. I sat under the pine-trees; the robins hopped around me in a friendly way, the sunshine was soft and warm, and the air blowing through the pines whispered musically."

After a fortnight here, making some preparations for the return to India, which was drawing near, the traveling began again, this time through the Northwestern Branch—her own. During this tour she greatly enjoyed visits to institutions for the blind and deaf, insane and idiotic. Nothing impresses a traveler from a heathen land more forcibly than these State charities. As Miss Rowe expressed it afterward: "I shall tell them when I return to India that the kingdom of heaven has come. The deaf hear, the lame walk, and the blind receive their sight." This tour included attendance at the Minneapolis Branch

meeting at Winona, where she speaks of the brilliant autumn foliage; then to the meeting of the Northwest in Milwaukee; then Evanston, Chicago, and after that to the annual meeting of the Executive Committee at Lincoln, Nebraska. She thus describes the secretaries:

"These nine ladies were seated around a table. Mrs. Alderman, quiet but always alert, and always wise; Mrs. Skidmore, stately, and, with all the care and work and sorrow of the past year, full of wit; Mrs. Cowen, fresh and bright and young, but so business-like; Miss Hart, her right-hand neighbor, staid and precise, and judging with a large, true heart; Mrs. Nind, saying witty things, but always so wise and good; Mrs. Keen, with queenly form and bearing, much broken in health; Mrs. Huston and Mrs. Pattee, two new secretaries, and Mrs. Hoag, just elected, but taking up the work with ready hands. And there sat these elect ladies, and I had the honor of sitting in the same room and listening to their deliberations. At the close, Mrs. Cowen asked me to sing, and Mrs. Alderman closed with prayer. The devotional meetings, held for an hour in the afternoon, were full of spiritual

power. I never shall forget the earnest prayers of some of these dear women. They were so kind to me—it was hard to say good-bye.”

The members of the committee made up a little purse for a farewell present, which I was instructed to buy for her in New York. She chose a Teacher's Bible and some other books.

She had to leave for her steamer before the conclusion of the meeting. Her traveling companions were Miss Easton, returning from furlough; and Misses Gallimore and Hughes, going out for the first time. A parting present from Mrs. Skidmore enabled her to enjoy the return across the Continent, and a few days each in Edinburgh, London, Paris, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Miss Easton's knowledge of history, literature, and art made these visits to places of interest more enjoyable, and, though inexperienced, few travelers ever appreciated more the charms of scenery, architecture, and painting than Phœbe Rowe, a natural hero-worshiper and lover of the beautiful. Her reverent, religious nature was much impressed by the cathedrals. She speaks of

one where she wanted to stay and worship, with the same feeling she had when she first visited the Jama Marjid in Delhi, of which she said, "I wanted to get down on my face and pray."

She was a poor sailor, and thankfully remembered, when reaching her journey's end, that "there shall be no more sea." Arrived in Bombay, she said: "What joy it was to be once more in dear old India! Could I live away from her shores and her people?"

Return from America

AFTER her return from America, Miss Rowe was appointed to Gonda, in the northeastern part of Oudh. There had been a spirit of inquiry and revival in that district, and it was thought a most important field. A girls' boarding-school was begun on the plan of older district boarding-schools, in which daughters of the poor Christians might have a primary education at the lowest possible rates, and with as little difference as possible in their way of living.

When she could leave this school in Miss Gallimore's care, she made visits to the city and surrounding villages. It was a lonely year, felt so the more after the excitement and constant contact with friendly faces all the year before; but it was happy in service where it was so much needed and appreciated. Here and there in the district were converts who

had little or no fellowship with Christians stronger than themselves, and who knew little more of the Christian way than they had learned at the mela where they were baptized. Those who came out at the melas were all men, and few of them found sympathy or support when they returned to their village homes. She gives an account of one of these, who interested her much:

“He was sitting before a little hut of thatch and dal branches, and when I came up he brought his blanket and spread it on his cot at the door for me to sit on. He had been a Christian for two years. He had come home after his baptism with his heart full of joy, and told his family what he had found, expecting them to believe as he had done, and to rejoice with him. At first they were willing to listen; but when the sons had talked with the men of the village and been frightened by the priest, they turned against him. He was turned out of the house, and finally out of his village. In a field he had made a hut of thatch, and all he had was a charpai (cot) and a blanket. He spread it for me, and I had the honor of sitting on it, and telling him what it was to be a son of God. The glory of the sun-

set shone through the mango-grove; but the joy felt in talking with the old saint was more than the glory of sun or moon. The Lord himself was a glory round about us. He said that if his wife would join him he could bear all else."

When in Gonda for a time four years after, Miss Rowe writes of this old man: "His wife and two sons are Christians now. He walks six miles every Sunday to Church. Last Sunday he was in my class-meeting. A college boy sat on one of the benches; but it was easy to see which was the divinity student. Twice in his earnestness he stood up beside me when I was talking, his face all aglow."

During her second year in Gonda, Miss Rowe made her first long evangelistic tour. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram, whose estates lay in the Bulandshahr District of the Northwest Provinces, asked her and Caroline Mamma to visit their villages at their expense. At the close of the year she was again summoned to Lucknow, not to Lal Bagh, but to the "Home for Homeless Women." The residence of the missionaries connected with this was also the headquarters for zanana and general visiting.

The deaconess movement had begun in the Church in America, and Bishop Thoburn, who had been interested in it from the beginning, believed it had a mission in India. Miss Rowe was already an ideal deaconess in character and methods of work. As St. Paul said of another Phœbe and a deaconess, she had been "a succorer of many," and Bishop Thoburn said, "I want her to be India's first deaconess." Miss Sullivan, who had been for a few months connected with the Deaconess Home in Chicago, had arrived in India as a missionary. The two were appointed to Lucknow, with the Home, the city, and the vicinity for their field of labor.

A year later Miss Rowe's field was widened, and she was made general evangelist, with headquarters still at Lucknow. She had many urgent calls to the districts, and when the cold season passed, and she could not go about in tents, she was invited to hold meetings in the boarding-schools, to attend workers' meetings and help with training-classes. It was the beginning of seven years of pilgrimage, not often easy, very often lonely, sometimes discourag-

ing, requiring more self-denial than any one but herself ever knew. Her heart often longed for friends, the longing expressed unintentionally or read between the lines when she was writing most bravely, by those who knew her best. The work came first.

"I would like to join the family this evening, but the chhote bhais (little brothers and sisters) are hungry, and Jesus says, 'Feed my lambs.'"

"I wonder if this is to be my permanent work. I do not have 'rousing' meetings, and can not count up numbers of converts; but sometimes God has been in these mohulla meetings in a special manner. It has been good to see the women coming out in large numbers. We have had over a hundred men, women, and children, and the women have come out and given their testimony as well as the men."

"We have been working in the mohulla since Saturday night, a week to-morrow. There have been no baptisms; but we are trying to confirm those who have been baptized, and this is the work I love. Our meetings begin at eight o'clock, and we get to bed about eleven. We are trying to reach the women,

for while hundreds of men and boys have been baptized, only a few women have come out. It would do your heart good to see the people gather around us."

The first visit of 1891 was to a bereaved mother. A young man, a student in the Reid Christian College, who had become a Christian, had died in Caroline Mamma's house. His wife, whom he had succeeded in fetching away from his home, died soon after. He had asked Miss Rowe to go and see his mother, and she promised. The story of the journey shows her method of speaking to "every creature" as she went by. There was first a night's journey by rail.

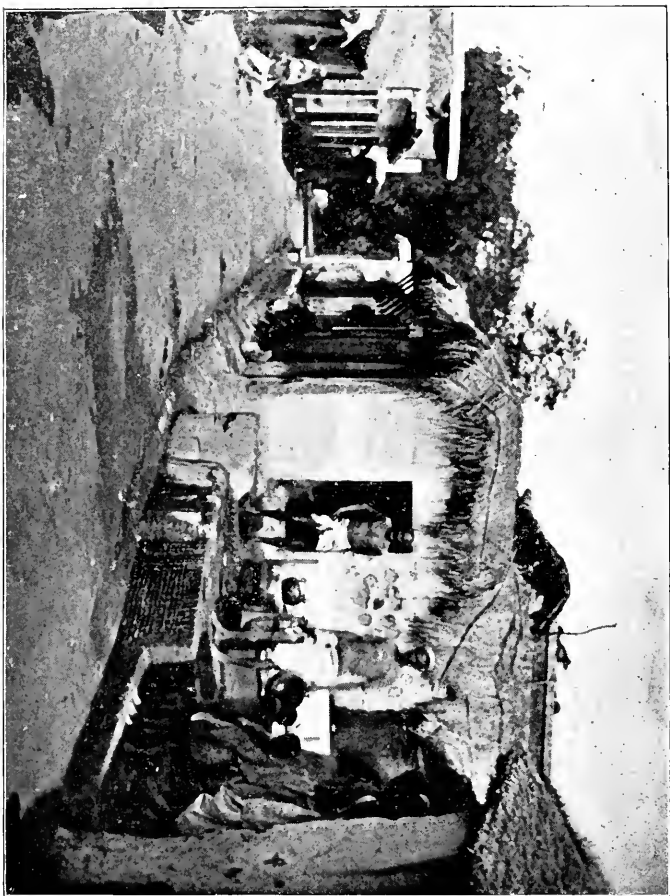
"At dawn we left the train, and while taking tea at the railroad station the sun came up, and its warm rays were very pleasant this January morning. A cart was engaged, our baggage loaded, and we two women perched on the top of cart, boxes, and rolls of bedding. About eleven o'clock the driver stopped to get some fodder for the oxen and we took the opportunity to go into a field where some men were working; a woman, three men, and a little girl formed our audi-

ence. They had never heard the message, never seen a missionary. One of the young men liked the bhajan (hymn), and repeated the first verse over and over until he learned it. We prayed and taught them a simple petition. The cart came up and we moved on, and so many miles were before us we dared not stop again.

“31st.—This morning we did not start out until after breakfast. While the cart-driver was getting ready we followed a footpath through fields of peas, flax, and sugar-cane. We met a group of people, to whom we talked. There was an old man who said he had heard of Jesus. The young man had long hair, by which we knew he was a professional dancer. Further on we left the cart-road to go into a field where a man was weeding. Two or three other men and boys came around. One of the men was a Thakur, and could read. He said, ‘If I obey these teachings, I must leave all.’ We gave him the tract, ‘Knowing and Believing.’ Two of the boys followed us a long walk. Then we rode on the cart until we came to a village. A man and his son were winnowing grain. The boy dropped his fan and ran away in fright; but we soon found friendly people and were sur-

rounded by a number of Chumars (tanners who are low-caste Hindus). After listening some time one of the men spoke abruptly, saying: 'What are your orders? What do you want us poor creatures to do?' We answered as gently as we could, that we had brought a message of love. 'Brothers, the Lord Jesus has come to bless you.' His heart was touched, and when we rose to go he said, 'You must not go without eating some of our coarse bread and drinking our cane-juice.' Then all the village followed us to the cart. The same man said, 'Our village is beside this public road where so many are constantly passing; but no one ever stopped to speak to us before.'

1st.—Last evening we arrived at Shambei. The driver put up our tent, and this morning after breakfast we started for Charittra's village. In a field we saw one of his uncle's servants, and sent him to tell his master that we had come, and then sat down under a tree and waited. Soon a messenger came running excitedly and called us. As we neared we saw by the angry glances that we were not welcome. Charittra's brother came to us, evidently in perplexity. As guests we should be treated politely, but he knew his uncles did not want us. Finally a cot was placed in a



VILLAGE STREET AND WELL

shed and he brought a quilt to cover it for us to sit on. The entire village seemed to be gathered around us. Then the mother, with veiled face, came and, falling down, clasped our feet, crying and wailing about her dead boy. 'You have cruelly robbed me of both my eyes. He was the light of my eyes. O, my pearl, my favorite son!' Her grief was very pitiful. Taking my hand, she said: 'Your hands are like Charittra's. His were so soft and tender. Flowers dropped from his hands and feet.' When her grief had been somewhat spent, Caroline Mamma talked to her, and told her of her boy's triumphant death. There was perfect silence for a time and then one of the uncles began argument which another took up; but we did not reply to either. It would have made them more angry and done no good. Then they grew kinder and brought us a drink of milk and cane-juice, and finally invited us in. The poor mother said, when we were leaving: 'I can not let you go. You have comforted me.' She followed us out, and walked with us to the shade of a pipul-tree, and then asked for Maharani, Charittra's child-wife. She said: 'I loved this second daughter-in-law. She was always so good and obedient. I want to see her. She

is all that is left of my lost son.' Nearly all the village came to the mango-grove, where our tent was pitched. The brother came afterwards alone, and had a long talk. He says he is a Christian at heart, and is ready to be baptized; but that he can not add to his mother's sorrow.

"2d.—We went to some villages near by, where some men and women in the fields gladly left their work to talk to us, while we sat on a heap of straw in the field. How little they know, and how little they can take in! When we returned to the tent the brother was waiting for us with a present of food and two baskets such as are woven in their village. Later the uncle came with the family priest. I shall not soon forget his sad, earnest face while we talked. We felt that the Spirit of God was working."

Returning from this visit a long tour was laid out which occupied the time until the hot weather prevented further camping and carting. Not only is the heat stifling at that time of the year, but the glare and the dust and sand blown by the hot winds are most trying to the eyes, and it is neither comfortable nor safe to be out. Then, when the rains

set in, the cart roads are often impassable, and tenting is not only difficult but dangerous, owing to the malaria of that season. There was work, however, in schools and in the churches on lines of railroad, and the close of the rainy season brought the melas and District Conferences, for all of which efforts were made to secure her attendance. The year closed with an interesting experience, of which she writes in a letter:

“We had such a good Christmas that I wrote an account for the *Witness*, and if the editor does not throw it into Baalan’s basket you will see it. Lest he should, I must tell you a little of it. Monday we left Ajmere, spending most of the day in the bullock-cart. We had dinner at half-past ten at night—delicious chapatis (flat, wheaten cakes), and potato curry. The next morning the head man from the Balai Mohulla was baptized. One of their own men had been teaching them before we came. Mr. Lyon wanted me to baptize the women, but I objected. Besides this another honor was conferred on me. At the railway station, while waiting for the train, I took out my writing, and while busy with it a sailor-looking man, who said he hailed from

Philadelphia, came up, and asked me if I might be Madam Blavatsky!

“Mr. Lyon returned to Ajmere that evening, and we worked with the new Christians and had a good time. There are some fine men among them, and the women are unusually intelligent. Friday morning we started for another village where there are seventy new converts. The journey was very wearisome, but our hearts were light. Jesus has been so near us. At Naraini is a little bungalow where we stopped and had some tea and *rogini roti*, after which we started to the Mohulla. Naraini is a very interesting place, full of Dadu Panthis, a reformed sect of the Hindus. The leader is a wealthy and somewhat influential man whom I had hoped to talk with; but other work was given. We had only gone a few steps from the bungalow when a letter came from Franklin’s wife to say that the dear old man who had been with us when the baptisms took place had been put in jail and in stocks by the Thakur of Sali. Mr. Franklin had also been warned to vacate the house before evening, or they would be turned out. The woman who went for water was forbidden to draw. Brave Mrs. Franklin wrote to her husband: ‘Do n’t be afraid. We will hold on until you have done your work

and return.' I felt that I ought to turn back to Sali. The train left at six and we arrived at eight. But I must not forget to tell you that when Udai, the old man's son, heard that his father was in stocks he was troubled at first, but brightened up, and said: 'Is n't this Christmas? I am glad this honor came to us on Christmas. I wish I could be with him, and we would sing bhajans together.' A long walk from the station brought us to Franklin's house, hungry and tired. I asked for milk, but was told that the Thakur had forbidden the people to give the Christians anything. The owner of the house had also been put in jail for not turning the Christians out. A Christian butcher had had eight goats carried off by the Thakur and was in jail for asking for the price. One of the women cooked some kichhri, and then we had a prayer-meeting. O, I wish you could have heard these dear Christians! It was a memorable Christmas service. Jesus was with us. Some timid ones were afraid of the Thakur's threats and staid away; but God blessed the faithful few. The old man Dalla's wife is so sweet—I feel like putting my arms around her every time I see her. I wanted to go to Dalla, but they said the Thakur had been drinking and we would better wait until Mr. Lyon came. He

was detained on account of Mrs. Lyon's illness until to-day, and this afternoon we went to see the Thakur, but he refused to release Dalla. Mr. Lyon has gone back to Ajmere to consult the political agent. We will stay here and face the wolf while our flock is in danger. . . . These dear people are determined to feast me. I got my Christmas letters on Sunday. Mr. Lyon gave notice to the police to protect our tent, and Franklin says we need not be afraid.

"January 2d.—Mrs. Lyon is not getting well, and the doctor says she must go to Bombay at once. She seems so nervously broken that I offered to stay with the children so that the journey may be more restful and less expensive. They would not have asked this, but there is no one here with whom she can leave them. Please read my paper for me.

"Old Dalla was released Monday night, and came back strong in faith and giving glory to God."

This help to a sister did not keep Miss Rowe from her villages, but from Conference, which is always a time of happy reunion and where she especially was missed when absent.

About the close of the camping season came one of those sudden changes so common in India, and yet always startling. There was a telegram from Cawnpore, "Miss Layton died this morning of cholera." She had come out in January rested and strong after a furlough in America, and had taken the superintendence of the Cawnpore school, and all who knew her and her work felt that her very presence there was assurance of the school's prosperity. But she was gone and at the same time one of the principal teachers was down with typhoid-fever, and another, who had had cholera also, but recovered, was still too ill to take duties. While we were planning to meet the emergency, Miss Rowe wrote:

"I intended to go on to B—— Monday evening, but this morning the thought came that I should turn back and go to Cawnpore. Could I not help? It is humiliating not to be able to teach all the subjects; but I can take the lower classes, and set some one free for that. Expect me, unless I hear to the contrary."

She was not only able to help efficiently in the school, but found other service, as her wont was.

“This morning, between Bible and under classes, I called on Mrs. B——, who asked me to speak to you about her husband’s niece. She is eighteen, has been in convent, and is inclined to be a Roman Catholic. They want to place her under different influences now, and would like you to take her.” Again: “This evening Miss McBurnie and I are to take a meeting in the soldier’s prayer-room.” . . . “Miss Downey (then in the Hindustani boarding-school) is not strong and very nervous. She seems to dread being alone and the heat tries her. I staid with her from Saturday to Monday. I talked at evening service on ‘If thou knewest the gift of God,’ etc. I felt so much at home with the dear Hindustani people.” “I have just hurried off the bearer with my promised article for the *Rafiq*, and hope it will be in time.” . . . “I went this afternoon to Mrs. Foy’s missionary meeting and talked about the villages.”

And thus, as everywhere, the wayside service went on, with results that only heaven can reveal.

By the middle of July the sick had recovered and she was no longer needed in Cawnpore. She began to plan for journeys, saying, "My heart is getting so full of the work before me that at times I can hardly hold myself in; but O, I do want to go with an unction from on high!"

The first visit was to Bairaich in the Gonda District, where a special meeting was being held.

"Last evening Brother Peters asked me to take charge of the prayer-meeting while he went to the station to meet Dr. Hoskins. I expected to talk to a few Christians; but the novelty of seeing a woman standing up attracted a large number of Hindus and Moham-medans until there were not seats enough. This morning we had a very good meeting. A Mohammedan lad who had lately been converted gave a clear, simple testimony. He had been persecuted for Jesus' sake. The Christians were taken to court and fined for baptizing a minor, which the father charged falsely."

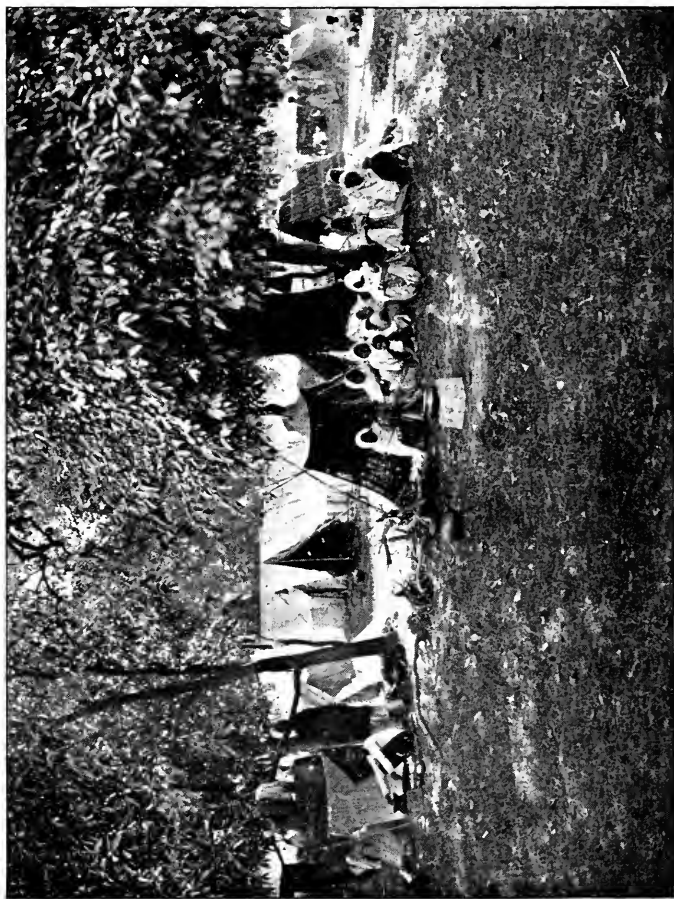
"Lilly P—— is doing so nicely. The responsibility of the home rests upon her since her mother's death. I am staying with them.

They make no spread for me, there is no worry or confusion, and it is just lovely. I thank God for such homes. Lilly has come to arrange for a missionary meeting. There has been none since her mother's death, and she wants me to reorganize."

From Bairaich she went to Moradabad, and there she was made very happy by a note from the preacher in charge at Rabapura, the principal town on the Ingram estates, to say that Partapi had been baptized. "This news came in time to cheer and strengthen my heart, for I had been feeling a little discouraged. There were between three and four hundred young people present at the meeting last evening; but little impression was made. With all the success the Master has given us we need to pray for spirituality."

Partapi was a shopkeeper, who had bought a Hindi Testament from Miss Rowe three years before, when she first visited his village. When she went a year later she found that he had not only read the Book himself, but that he called in his neighbors every evening and read to them. He confessed Christ to all;





HINDUSTANI CHRISTIANS AT DISTRICT CONFERENCE

but because of some family difficulties would not receive baptism. He had now taken the final step, without which the verbal confession would not have convinced his Hindu friends of his sincerity.

Next came a Workers' meeting at Muttra, from whence she writes of the trial of speaking to the people in the presence of Mr. Osborne and Mr. Buck.

"Bijnour.—I came here from Tilhar. The work there and in Chandausi was discouraging. In Tilhar I visited three mohullas. In one were five Christians, in another eleven, and in the third seven; but not a girl or a woman learning to read! In Chandausi there are a large number of Christians; but few, except the workers, attend the meetings regularly. Caroline Mamma is doing good among them. Her strong, clear words stir up the people, and make them realize what they should do and be."

"Seohara—District Conference.—The women were gathered in the tent, and I was conducting the meeting, when a young man rushed in, crying, 'The Mohammedans have surrounded us; some Christians have been

hurt; there will be a fight!' The women rushed out to see their husbands and sons. Three or four have been hurt. The preacher's house has been attacked by a mob; but the Hindus are taking our part. The Thanadar and policemen came, and quiet was restored before more harm was done."

"*December 17th.*—After the Chandausi mela we went to Itrauli. We worked until nearly midnight, and had to leave two mohallas unvisited. We were weary, but thankful we could do even so much. It made the tears come to see how eagerly the people listened; how anxious they are to learn, and yet have no teachers! The next day we rode thirty miles in an ox-cart. A shopkeeper was in the first village at which we stopped, a man who had been reading a Testament. He called the neighbors to hear, broke down a part of a mud wall to make room, and in the little yard, with women on one side and men on the other, we talked to them, and the Spirit was there. I wish you could have heard the man; he really preached. He asked to be baptized; but no ordained minister was there, and he and his wife and daughters have to wait. He asks for a Christian teacher to come out and live with him and open a school."

The next stopping-place was less encouraging.

"December 20th.—Fifteen miles beyond was a sweeper mohulla, where there were Christians. There my heart was stirred and I spoke vehemently against their idolatry. There were several shrines to Lal Beg, and on one was the fresh blood of a cock. After I had spoken, an old man said: 'We do want to follow Christ, but do n't know how. Teach us and we will leave all this.' I felt rebuked, and saw that we, not they, are to blame. How I wish for more workers! Many times my heart has been full to overflowing, and sometimes it has well-nigh broken with the longing to help some of these little ones.

"Bisalpur, December 26th.—When I got your letter the tears came as I was reminded of what I would miss; but a happier Christmas I have never spent. I have longed to have you with me, not selfishly, but that you might see what I see. There is such joy in my heart. It took me two whole days to reach Bisalpur; but I would spend four in a bullock-cart to see these dear people. If my hair were a little whiter, I would put my arms around the boys as well as the women, and some of the inside gush coming to the surface would relieve me.

We are staying in the school. Off the center room is a little one where we sleep. Our tent and beds have not come, and the first night I did not sleep because my bed was *alive*; but after a struggle for some hours I turned the bed out and slept on the floor.

"Christmas morning I had the children before breakfast. There was a general meeting at two. Then and at night the room was crowded with men and women and children. They prayed from the heart. One man's petitions were so sincere and original I had to make an effort to control the muscles of my face. Afterwards he stood up, and said, 'I want to know I am forgiven and made clean, and to be in Christ.' There is a dear little woman here whom the Lord is teaching. I am so thankful for her. A woman and two babies were baptized last night. Her husband is a Christian, but she had held back for a long time. Between the services I called on the people and was thankful for what I saw.

"They are having family prayers. There is no *stan* to Lal Beg, and so many faces are turned upward. Some are very, very poor. The preacher says many have not had a full meal since the crops were cut. One family lives in the open air, and a baby was born on

one of those cold nights without shelter. It will cost seven rupees to roof their hut, and I am asking Mr. Beer, of Cawnpore, to give it. The dinner comes off to-morrow, and will cost fifteen rupees. This also I will try to beg.

“26th.—To-day was as good as yesterday. We walked to a village, and found the village watchman a good, solid Christian, and his wife and sister-in-law willing to learn. He said, ‘Since I became a Christian I have prospered in every way.’ He has bought a yoke of oxen, has twenty-five *bighas* of land, and a dozen or more of the unclean animals, by which they make a good living. The elder brother was away; but hearing we were in Bisalpur, he came to see us. He is a bright Christian and his face fairly shone. His cousin is teacher, and he told me that ever since the mela he had been praying for a new heart. We prayed together and the Lord was present. I have been giving medicine, and my fame is spreading, curing sore eyes and coughs with pain-killer and hazeline! It is good to teach these dear children; our little meeting to-day was so sweet. Four little, half-naked boys, who were particularly attentive, said with their hands to their ears (attesting a promise), ‘We

will never use bad language again.' We were sixty-four at dinner, all dressed in mela dress, and looking charming!

"*Mirpur, December 30th.*—The clouds which have been threatening came down to-day. We are all huddled together in one tent. Sundri's mother and her two children are with us. Ghasi and the preacher and the two drivers are under the awning of the tent, and we hear every sound, every moan, and groan, and snore. If it continues to rain we will go to Faridpur, where there is a house and a number of Christians.

"*31st.*—This morning the sun shines bright and clear, the fields are green, and the hearts of the farmers lighter, and we are none the worse. I have come away from the rest for a little quiet. It is restful to get away sometimes, and I am thankful there is so much of out-doors, where we are not cramped; and when I get nervous and tired there are the fields, trees and sky, the starlight and moonlight, and the dear Elder Brother to talk to.

"We went to two villages before breakfast. There is smallpox in some of these villages, and the preacher is anxious about his little family; but they will not leave.

"This is the last day of the year. You will

have a good watch-night meeting, and so will we. The same Lord is rich unto all who call upon him, whether American missionaries or Bhangi Christians. God bless you abundantly, and may there be such an outpouring of the Spirit that all India will feel the fire.

"2d January.—Our New-Year's service was good. I wish you could have heard the testimonies of the pastor-teachers. It has been a great satisfaction to have women whose husbands are Christians come out and be baptized. There have been several, and for some my heart is full of hope."

VI

Removal to Muttra

AT the Conference held in January, 1893, Miss Rowe's headquarters was removed to Muttra, a city on the west bank of the Jumna, famous in Hindu and Buddhist tradition, and now a stronghold of idolatry. A few miles further up the river is Brindaban, the birthplace of Krishna, a town of temples and shrines, and scarcely second to Benares as a place of pious pilgrimage from all parts of India. More than any other sacred place in the empire it is the resort of Hindu widows, and many not only visit it, but make their permanent abode there; daily from temple to temple and river-side they go their rounds of penance until they wear their weary lives out in their effort to atone for the sin of widowhood.

A mission had been opened in Muttra ten

years before, and among the agencies for doing good a training-school established for zanana visitors and Bible-women. It was desirable to keep the pupils of this school in touch with the evangelistic work, and for this reason, as well as because Muttra was a center from which to reach a large number of new converts, Miss Rowe was appointed there. It was within the bounds of the newly-made Northwest India Conference, which included all the territory west of the Ganges, and she was to be general evangelist within the bounds of both Conferences. She packed her boxes and sent them off by freight, and then started again with tent and cart to make the most of the cold season for the village mission. She says:

“I can not tell how grateful I am that for another year this work has been given to me. I have missed home ties; but if tent life teaches me to build my nest by fairer altars and increases my spirituality I am blessed. The Lord has been helping me wonderfully. I have not time to write you the story, but the weeks have been full.”

She worked for a time in Rohilkhand, and then, still tenting, went west to Rajputana. In one place, she says:

"We had large audiences, but did not seem to get hold of the people. In one village a bright woman ran ahead of us to the next village, where her parents and brothers lived, and called them to come and hear. The shrine to Lal Beg was torn down, and they called us to stop. It was four o'clock, and we had been out since early breakfast, but we turned back. The old couple lived with their fine boys in a dilapidated house. The man said, 'I am not fit to be a Christian; I am so old and ignorant.' But I told him, 'The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.' He replied, 'But one must be very good to be a Christian.' We answered: 'The sacrifices of God are a broken and a contrite heart.' O, for teachers to lead these souls!

"I must tell you of a funny mistake that, without an explanation, might have left a bad impression about us. Coming on the way we stopped to quench our thirst with some sugar-cane juice at a press in one of the villages. We had some milk in a large, black bottle, which we added to the juice, as we like it so. We were so thirsty that we drank two cups

each. I saw the driver standing a little way off watching us anxiously. It occurred to me that he did not understand our black bottle, and I said, 'Do you like milk in your cane-juice?' He did not catch the word *milk*, and replied: 'Your honor, we could n't drink that way. Two drops would knock us down. We are not as strong as the Sahib-log.' We showed him that the brandy-bottle contained nothing but buffalo's milk, and he looked relieved."

From Rajputana she came to fill an engagement in Oudh at Sitapur, and then back to Muttra, stopping on the way at Aligarh to attend some special meetings for English-speaking people. "These poor railway people, who so often lead irreligious lives, were led to think, and some have begun to serve God. While in Aligarh I met a Scotch woman who had been in a Mohammedan zanana for thirty-six years. Her people were killed, and she was captured by a rebel and placed in his harem. When the tide turned he sent her to Mecca, to escape discovery and punishment. While there she ran away from his people and lived with a Mohammedan widow, supporting her-

self by embroidery. She was forced to accept Islam; but she is a Christian at heart, and her Bible is her daily companion. She says, 'Can one forget her first love?' "

Camping closes in April, and Miss Rowe is back in Muttra enjoying the family life in the Deaconess Home. She says: "It is nice to sleep in a bed that is long enough, and get a good bath every day. It is pleasant for the flesh; but the other life is good for the inner man." And yet about the middle of May she went to visit the work in Bhartpur, not taking a tent, and traveling in an *ekka* instead of a cart. When the rajah is absent, travelers are allowed to stay in one of the palace buildings.

"*May 13th.*—You have had a busy day—parents coming, girls going, accounts to make up, and no end of odd jobs, while I sit in the Suraj Bhawan having a taste of royalty. The palace is white marble, the floor of mosaics, and the arches and pillars carved. There are four other palaces, and a very fine garden and orchard across the large artificial lake. Our driving up before all this grandeur in *ekkas*, and my bodyguard two rather forlorn-looking





girls with a pankhawala in a flimsy, dirty suit, was somewhat incongruous. After the twenty-four miles of jolting we were all so tired that we preferred resting to cooking, and contented ourselves with a bit of lunch that was left; but at four o'clock we made *kichri*, and enjoyed it. But I am so tired that I am hoping the threatening clouds may deter the brethren from coming who were to meet me here.

"15th.—The brethren came; but it was raining and was late, and we decided not to go that evening, but walked in the garden looking at the ornaments, the fountains, and fine trees. We could not stay at the Suraj Bhawan—the servants were not nice; all employed in the Raj seem more lawless than other people. Brother Chunni Lal has taken us into his house.

"There is a big mela, and the streets are thronged with men and women. We seem to be in the midst of a carnival, except that there is nothing so vile in Christendom. The men are singing obscene songs, shouting, and dancing. I was so thankful to escape and come up here. We are in the midst of the noise, but feel safe. I think I can understand and sympathize with my native brethren as never before. With such debasing environ-

ments they must have a power *in* them to keep them separate and pure. There are some good Christians here who have been converted, and are following on to know the Lord."

In June and July there was plenty to do—training-school, boarding-school, and zanana teaching and visiting, besides housekeeping and home-making for pupils and young teachers. Miss Fistler and Miss Baird, of the Society of Friends, for the first few years worked in connection with our mission, and this year and the next were at Muttra; but Miss Fistler's health failed, and they were obliged to go to the hills. Miss Rowe was glad to be able to help in their absence. In July she speaks of being "over head and ears in school work, and enjoying it." When camping-time came again, there was a band of workers instead of the two women, who, with the local help of each locality, had made up the force of the preceding season. Caroline Mamma's daughter, Mrs. Dempster, a widow like her mother, joined them, and young women from the training-school from time to time. One of these, Lavinia, continued a member of the

band and is still in that work. A zanana teacher, Miss Kusham Biswas, also went into the district work. For the latter, association with Miss Rowe worked a transformation. She thus tells the story herself:

“For the first few days I felt uncomfortable in her company. I felt that she was too holy for one like me to get on with; but day after day as I watched her beautiful life there came an intense longing desire in my soul to be something like her. Her words, her ways, and her actions showed me not herself, but Christ. I felt that I might and ought to be better, and that God would give me that which made such a difference between her and me. I went out into the fields near our tent, and prayed until God heard me and gave me the Holy Spirit. From that day I began to grow in grace as never before, and she helped me by pointing out Bible-lessons that have been useful to me up to this day. She never talked much, and I used to wonder why she did not oftener chide and reprove people who were wrong; but I came to understand that wonderful *silence* that often spoke louder than words. In correction and instruction she was like her Master.”

Miss Rowe, like all who think and care about the work they do, had many plans, which were never put into execution, and one of these was to get a small and inexpensive house, and begin a Deaconess Home for herself and the Christian women who she believed would join her. Among missionaries in India there are always some who desire to get nearer to the masses of the people by living more as their poverty requires them to do. Some have tried it and succeeded; others have tried it and failed. Miss Rowe would not have been of the latter class, and if her call to the work of a traveling evangelist had not been so evident to all who knew her, and if her own heart had not been so drawn out to the scattered sheep without shepherds, she would have founded the first Hindustani Deaconess Home. She went so far in her plans as to select the place, which was to be Hatras, a railway junction and the center of a large and needy field.

After writing that she had gone with Mrs. Matthews and Dr. Scott to inspect the land, she says:

"I do not want you to think I am doing anything rash. Dr. Scott intends building a little house here for his preachers, and thought I might live in it and try my plan. But the place is not suitable, and I will wait.

"After the two returned, I hired an ekka and went to a village. The road was very bad, and on the way back my ekka upset; but the dear Lord preserved me. I was only stunned with the knock on my forehead, and for a time felt shaky. The next day I went on a train to a station where my cart was to meet me. We went on, but there was only the watchman's thatch hut for us to stay in over night; but the villagers came about us, and we talked late. After we had let down the curtains and hung out our lantern, we could still hear the people discussing with the brethren. Edward, who used to be Dr. Parker's servant, has charge of these villages, and few preachers in the district are as true-hearted and earnest. He works for his Master because he loves him and his little ones. We left that place in ekkas, but the roads were so bad we had to send them back and walk. We walked twelve miles, talking to the people by the way, and got in at Edward's house in the afternoon, where he had chicken curry and chapaties for four hungry people. There were

little meetings held in four villages, and eighteen baptisms. I wish you could see these dear people. Sometimes I get very tired; but the joy in my heart is very great."

In 1894, Miss Rowe's headquarters were again changed to Gonda. She was expected to work in that district particularly, but also to go elsewhere when needed, as before. There was no missionary of the General Society there that year, and as the small house of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was only sufficient for Miss Scott and the teachers in the school she was allowed a residence in the mission-house. It was in the center of the city work, and she was much interested in a small boys' boarding-school and in a man's training-class, as well as in the work among women. It was never possible for her to confine herself to any one line of service. The needy sought her, and she could not turn any away because they belonged or did not belong to a particular class or kind. She enjoyed this Gonda home, because being alone she was absolutely free to entertain whom she chose, and in whatever way she chose. She

seemed so perfectly content wherever she lived that few knew she sometimes felt the restraint of having to conform to the wishes of others in household arrangements. Personally she had no difficulty; but one whose friends were of all kinds and classes, and who was sensitive to the feelings and wishes and tastes of all around her, hesitated and refrained often when her co-workers never realized that she had not the fullest freedom in inviting and entertaining. This year in Gonda she entertained whom she chose, and as she chose. In one of her letters she writes:

“Mrs. B—— writes that she would like to come for a week, and would like to have M—— come, because she has no place to go. I am also going to have F—— for a week. The poor child has not had much holiday.”

I sent a young woman from Lucknow, who I thought needed an influence like hers, and she kept her through a month of our school vacation. Her home that summer was not exactly a Cave of Adullam, because the discontented did not join her, but they did go to her for counsel. They who are at rest from

themselves are always sought out by those who are troubled with themselves, and think others are the cause. She was out in camp as long as the weather would allow, but had to return early in April. She writes then:

“Caroline Mamma is with me. I am glad I can give her this bit of comfort in my home, for she is getting old and needs it, and in camp she has to rough it. Besides, it is a comfort to me to have her here,—she is such a help in starting my family. The veranda school has just closed. What would the ladies in America say to my work these days? I fear they may not approve; but I feel that it ought to be done. The woman’s work is well looked after. Our part of the church is well filled; but on the other side is only a handful of men and boys. On our return from Chandanpur we brought with us three new converts, a Babaji (religious teacher) and his son and daughter-in-law. I was willing to have the young people to train, but objected to the old man, with his matted hair and plaited beard. I was afraid he would hinder the young folks, and would not be able to learn much himself, but yesterday I thanked God for him. Since giving up *charas* and *bhang* (hemp in-

toxicants), his eyes have cleared, and in the prayer-meeting no face was more intent or interested than his. He has joined the class in the veranda school, and says his a,a, i,i, louder than any of the rest. This morning the young preacher and a one-armed man, who is teaching the school went with us to the village, and it did us all good. The people here are open to teaching. The Spirit that was poured out here ten years ago is still working, and every day I see tokens of His presence. In the zananas many show a deep hunger for the truth.

“Yesterday I dined at the Commissioners, and enjoyed the evening very much.”

Before the return to Gonda in April, she and her band had visited one hundred and twenty-five villages. One of the journeys was to the Tharus at the foot of the mountains, a people who had received the gospel a few years before, but among whom “false brethren” had done much hurt. In a letter to the Lal Bagh schoolgirls she writes:

“I have been away out to Chandanpur. We passed some large forests where there were many blossoming trees, and crossed streams

where our party enjoyed washing and wading in the cool water after our long hot march. They talked of tigers, but the nearest we came to one was to trace its steps on the sand. The Tharus are a simple people, warm-hearted and easily influenced, and God has prepared their hearts and set before us an open door—but who is to enter? They were so glad to see us. A man left his spade in the field and rushed to us with outstretched hands, crying and laughing together like a hysterical girl. It was in his village that the flock had been scattered in the dark and cloudy day, but some had been faithful. An old man said: ‘I love the padre who gave me the sign. I am saving my money to go to Moradabad to see him.’

“In one village they had set up an idol again. They said, We had no teacher, and there has been much sickness in our village. But notwithstanding our failures, God’s Spirit is in this region in a special manner.

“It is ten o’clock, and we are in a mangrove where it is cool and quiet. Brother Peters’s cart and bullocks brought us here over a rough road. Caroline Mamma is lying down; the other Bible-women sitting near. Brother Peters has climbed a tree, and is cutting branches to cook our breakfast, which I

wish was ready, for we had chhoti haziri at five o'clock. At three our Mohammedan neighbors in Bulrampore woke early, as it was the last chance to eat, and they made a good deal of noise. (It was the Ramadan, when for a month they fast from sunrise to sunset.) Caroline Mamma and I slept in a tiny room, on one side of which were two goats, and on the other several men. I have enjoyed the morning journey. Just now a man with a pack on his back came our way, and we bought some *gur*, which opened conversation. While talking to him some other men came by, among them a devotee with a rosary in his hand. After talking awhile with Brother Peters, he took a copy of the Dharmtula and a gospel.

"I wish I could have you with me under these beautiful trees; it is so restful. All around are the ripe fields and the reapers at work. We also will reap. God grant us sheaves!

"We have had our breakfast; but the winds are hot as well as the sun, and we will not go out until afternoon. How good the native brethren are to me! If it were not for their thoughtful kindness the way would often be hard."

Later she planned another tour for those people.

"I can not be at ease while these five hundred hungry Tharus lack the bread of life. The forest officer has allowed me the privilege of staying in their bungalow, and I will be very comfortable there, and he has also given me permission to stay in their bungalows on the way to Chandanpur. They are eight miles apart, and I could stop during the heat of the day. I am waiting to hear what the Lord will say. Caroline Mamma says she will go with me; but she is not strong, and we must take care of the blessed woman. I want her to go to Lucknow."

"*June 21st.* (Her birthday.)—Early this morning your letters and presents came and reminded me that I am thirty-nine years old, and this has been such a good day. I spent all the morning with Mrs. Shah. She is the assistant in the Dufferin hospital. Yesterday her boy died, and after the funeral I brought her here. I wish you could have heard her talk with dear old Jiwan Masih, two saints who have passed through waters of affliction praising and glorifying God.

"Her family history is very interesting.

Her father suffered much for the cause of Christ; but her husband is a Unitarian. Yesterday she stood with empty arms beside the coffin, and said, 'Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory,' and her face shone with heaven's own light. I sat with her, instead of going to the znanas. A few days ago Jiwan Masih came to me with a warrant issued by his zamindar, on which he was required to pay forty-two rupees land-tax. This debt had accrued while he was driven out of home for becoming a Christian. I felt that the old hero ought to be helped; but my purse is not very full, and, besides, I did not know that it would be quite wise to pay the money. Presently I said, 'How much of this can you pay if I help a little?' He straightened up and replied, 'I do not want a pice from you; only give me a letter to the zamindar, and I will plead for time and promise to pay by installments.' Later I went myself to see the zamindar, hoping to understand the case better. The proud Thakur sat with his retainers on a carpet and I and Jawin Masih on one side, the conqueror and the conquered. . . . I am sure the old man's testimony that day will not be lost, if his land is.

"Miss Scott has just sent me two wall bas-

kets with cowslips and another delicate flower. The cowslips remind me of dear Lal Bagh and the birthdays there.

"I wanted to give the Christians a dinner; but there were so many that I did not know how to manage it; but the Commissioner has sent me his share of club mutton, and that has helped me out—we can have *palao*."

July of that year was spent in Almora, where Miss Baird of the Friends' Society was very ill of typhoid-fever, and Miss Fistler, longing for the comfort of Miss Rowe's presence, asked her to come, and sent the amount of her traveling expenses. She was glad to go, but says: 'I fear it is the pride of my heart which makes it hard to receive favors. I can't help it, for I had to spend my spare money for M——; but I dislike to have the Friends pay my way, and I realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It has done me good to be here; the mountains uplift me. It is all goodness and mercy.'

From Almora she went to a Workers' meeting in Muttra, a summer training-school for men and women of the district, who dur-

ing the rainy season, when they can not go about from village to village, are brought in to the principal station and taught. Miss Rowe had charge of the women's meetings.

"The girls came from the Aligarh school to-day, and to-morrow the medical school girls will come from Agra. There are many nice people in from the district. Dr. Scott is a fine organizer. Sunday he had us out rushing to Sunday-school at 5.30 in the morning. The Hindus, men and women, were performing pai-karma (crawling on the ground to the temple) at the same time, and it was good to see Christians eagerly hurrying past them to the house of God. There were five services, the day beginning at 5.30 and closing at eleven at night. This is a grand place to work. I wish I could work here without leaving Gonda and its people."

With the cooler weather the District Conferences began. That at Gonda was held in November and she attended. "Sometimes we are tempted to think the work we organize is a success because of our part in it, but the Lord gave me the grace to sit back and let others lead. Caroline Mamma was president

and Lilly Peters secretary, and all the offices were filled by our native sisters. I have seldom seen such freedom among the women, and there was a sweet spirit throughout. Six new women have come into the work this year."

The appointment for 1895 was again on the west side of the Jumna, with Muttra for headquarters, not because there was no need in Gonda, but because there was more need there. She was always glad to go where work was given her, but she said:

"I am heartsick about the Tharus, and sad about the 'little children' I must leave in Gonda. I fear I have been a disappointment to the Lord, my Master. With such blessed opportunities I have done so little, when all the time He has been saying, I have chosen you and ordained you to bear *much fruit*. I am looking up and away to Jesus.

"I wish you could have been at this Conference. The 'swing of conquest' was manifest. The Lord is doing great things whereof we are glad. Mr. Osborne has charge of the morning prayer-meetings, and the bishop of the evenings. Our Hindustani brethren have a prominent part in the meetings. Nothing

did me more good than Brother D. B——'s prayer. There have been a great many baptisms on his circuit, and when he prayed for the babes God had given him he broke down and wept. I realized that the burden of souls was on him and others, and it filled me with hope. Last night we were all made very happy, and sang *jai* victory and shouted *jai* with heart and voice. . . . The talk was on self-support, and seventeen came out to say that they were on self-support. Better than the *jais* and hurrahs is the feeling that there has been spiritual growth."

The time from January to May was all spent in camp. We find no letters from her, except a few on personal matters, until April 4th.

"We were praying in the little tent when your letter came, the *we* being four women and two servants, one of the men from the training-school and the preacher in this place. The latter's simple, earnest prayers were very touching. They have all gone out; but I am not feeling very strong, and am staying in to-day.

"Jesus is the strength of my life, I know and believe; but I also feel that I must be

careful. The hard jolting ekkas would be very trying, did not the Lord give strength. I wait on him and go on, trusting and never afraid. It has been very hot in tents; but I can say,

‘With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He weaves.’

How often of late the fierce sun has been veiled, and last night there was a sprinkling of rain. Our tents are near the station, and Mr. S——, Minnie’s husband (a Cawnpore schoolgirl), who is the station-master, emptied out his oil godam, and we spent the night there. Our next move will be to Hatras City.

“I can not tell you how thankful I am for my fellow-workers. K—— is so changed. Her ease-loving nature is gone, and she endures hardness as a good soldier of Jesus. The other day after a hard walk through the sand where our cart broke down, we did not find the tents ready, and they did not arrive until midnight; but all were sweet-spirited. We spread our mats in a deserted *chauki*, but the fleas kept us awake all night. These are light afflictions; but we know how trying little things can be, and my heart is filled with thankfulness when no one gets impatient.

“*April 16th.*—You know I would like to accept your invitation for the Silver Anniver-

sary; but I think I should stay here. There have been so many interruptions in the work. I have had influenza, and K—— has it now; but I hope we may be able to move on to Iglas. I wish you could have been in Hatras on Easter Sunday. The sweeper Christians, with the help of a Thakur (high-caste) convert, decorated the chapel, and we had pictures on the mud walls. The Hatras choir sang with their native instruments, their swaying bodies and nodding heads telling how much they enjoyed it. Little boys recited, and Mamma talked. The collection was nearly all shells; but many of these people are only paid in food, and all are very poor; it amounted to twelve cents. Some women asked to be baptized. How I wish I might be a pastor to these poor Christians!

“*Khair*.—Our hearts are much encouraged. Bhojan Das and Ruth have built themselves a little house in the midst of the Chumar mohulla, and are very happy in the good work they are doing. Both spoke at the meeting of the joy it was to them to have us, and that they were expecting refreshment to their own souls. After Dr. Scott advised us to take one day off for rest, we decided it should be Saturday; but there are so many villages to visit

we had to work. After chhoti haziri we started with Bhojan Das to Gomat. From a distance we saw the spire of the temple and many well-built houses. At the entrance to the town was a fine tank surrounded by shady trees. Going further, we saw some well-dressed Mohammedans seated on a platform; but as they made no advance, we moved forward until a man stopped to ask what we wanted. While delivering our message quite a number of men and women collected, and listened until we began to speak of the Savior, when a Mohammedan said: 'There, that is enough. Move on. We want no more of this,' and we went on to the Hindu quarter of the city. Several boys and men followed us, while the women looked helplessly on. In the hall of a well-built house two men sat on the floor with their account-books. We asked permission to sit on the clean platform, and they kindly offered us chairs; but for some reasons we declined. We offered them books for sale, but they were scornfully refused. We were thinking of going on to the Chumar mohulla, when a bright-looking woman, dressed in a yellow sari, came out from a temple and said, 'Come with me.' We were surprised at her courage in addressing us before

the men, and followed her rather anxiously. I thought some man would certainly keep us from entering; but up the steps, through the hall, and into the courtyard we went, where we saw a number of women looking down at us from the upper floor. Nearly all came down and sat with us. Seldom do we have a nicer group of women. Three of them could read well. One was a sweet young wife, who was being taught by Mrs. Pollen, of Bulandshahr. We sang, 'You have none of your own, O heart,' and it was pitiful to see the grief of two young widows, who had recently lost their husbands. The singing of this hymn was owned of God; for after that the men, who had been so averse, changed completely. We were asked into a larger and finer house, where we sang again to the women, and found that some of them had heard us at Brindaban, and asked us to sing about Jesus. The men were evidently listening on the outside, and when we stopped they came in, when the women covered their faces and were dumb, and I had to talk to the men. Three of them were very nice, and I was surprised at their advanced views and their willingness to accept our message. We were called to other houses; but the hot wind had

begun to blow, and we had not yet been to the poorer quarters of the village. To go to a sweeper mohulla after these high-caste people had made so much of us was against the 'flesh and the world.' I went first to the Chumar's Bansi; the baptized sweeper was there, and I asked him to get his people together and we would go to them. Bhojan Das said: 'They are all away, and it is no use to go. You can talk to Bansi as you walk to the carriage.' But conscience conquered, and I am thankful I went. In the mohulla I saw his nice wife with two children, his old parents, and two men who had also been baptized, and I could see that he was learning. How glad I felt when he said, after I spoke to him of Sabbath-keeping: 'Yes, I learned that from a Christian who came from Itrauli; but I can not always keep it as God commands. I am a poor man, and must obey my master.'

"While sitting there on a low seat a boy from the big house stood listening, and when we were ready to go a number of young men stood in our way and begged us to stay longer. We found they had had our oxen unyoked, and were determined to keep us. They had a seat for us; but it was up on a platform in a public place where no women

would come, and we said we could not go there. So our going among the sweepers did us no harm, for they were as anxious to have us after they knew where we had been.

"Tuesday Evening.—We were up at 3.30, to start for Tappahl. Found the dak-bungalow all ready, and in a little while Daniel had breakfast on the table. This is where Chitar was converted, and in the evening, as we passed the little bridge where we had sat to talk when he heard and followed us, we spoke of him. In front of the dak-bungalow is the palm-tree, where at night he prayed and found peace. How hard it was when he confessed Christ before his father! In the courtyard where we sat with the preacher we again met a new convert, a Chumar, and a very nice Christian woman.

"25th.—Kallu Das left us this morning. Yesterday he baptized three women; they were very satisfactory. Later, as we passed a mohulla, one of these women came running out with a neighbor woman, saying, 'She also wants to be a Christian.' Dear women, how sorry I am to leave them! The three weeks spent on this circuit have been good, and my heart is encouraged; but God is the strength

of our lives and our portion. Dear old Caroline Mamma is not very well, and with sadness I think how at any time she may drop out of this needy work. Who can take her place? Then the answer comes, 'Hope thou in God;' and I am content.

"Last night a very nice family were baptized. Afterwards, when it was getting dark, the Brahmans sent to the sweeper mohulla for us. There were over sixty men and women waiting to hear the teaching, and an earnest spirit of inquiry among them.

"*Iglas, May 1st.*—Coming to this place we had a hard journey. We left Hatras a little after five o'clock, and stopped at two villages, where there are Christians. In one it was the day for making offerings to Koras Devi, and some of these baptized ones were selling sucking pigs to those who came to the shrine to make their offering, and some had themselves offered. We were the more downcast because a year ago these people seemed going on well. . . . 'Cast down, but not destroyed; perplexed, but not in despair.' The Lord is on our side.

"Another hot drive brought us here, to find that the Collector was in the dak-bungalow. We went to the *sarai*; but by evening the

Master put it into his heart to give one of the rooms to us. Sunday he and his company went out pig-sticking, taking some of our congregation to help,—some of whom we were trying to teach to keep holy the Lord's-day."

The summer was spent in Muttra, and in visits to some of the girls' schools and railway stations that could be visited during the rains. The only holiday was a fortnight in early October when she went with me to Bhim Tal, a lake ten miles from Naini Tal, where there is a travelers' bungalow. We spent a happy time wandering along the hillsides, sitting on mossy banks in shady nooks, and in the evening refreshing our minds with books. One of these was Drummond's "Evolution of Man," which had just reached us, and it rested us to be taken so far out of our daily subjects of thought and conversation. One day a long walk brought us to a group of little lakes nestling between the hills, near which were a few cottages such as they build in America at the summer Assemblies, all furnished, but unoccupied. Sitting on the steps of one we

planned an Indian summer school for our young or weary teachers, and a resting-place for older and wearier ones. We enjoyed the plan and figured out as we sat there the cost of living in such a place and the traveling expenses required, and on our way back we turned aside to find the owner on the tea plantation and ask the rent. Like many other plans this was left for some one else to carry out; but we enjoyed building the air-castle. I have a little sketch of another lake, to which we walked one morning, in which Phœbe sits beside a temple, talking to the children that gathered around her. I had wandered on picking ferns and late flowers, while she, not caring less for these, but more intent on her Master's business, talked of Him to the children. Looking back, I saw the picture which, in other settings, I never failed to see when we were out together.

We hastened down, walking the eight miles to the railway station because we could not get coolies. The District Conferences and melas were commencing, and Miss Rowe's presence there was the greatest help to all.

Of one of these she wrote: "The women have come to the front as never before. They seem to have awakened to see the open doors before them."

Between and after these melas the itinerating went on among the villages. As she usually did, she spent Christmas in camp.

"Do n't let yourself think that I will not have a happy Christmas. The Christians are rejoicing because we are to spend the day with them. A *chaupal* has been cleaned, and is being decorated. We will have our service at twelve o'clock, and then I am to distribute some sweets. The preacher's family will come to tea with us, and when my letters come I will have had a very happy day.

"I wish I had time to tell you all about these blessed days; but we have an engagement with a woman whose heart the Lord touched, and who gave herself to him. She is a Brahman. Our hearts have been greatly encouraged by what we have seen among our Christians.

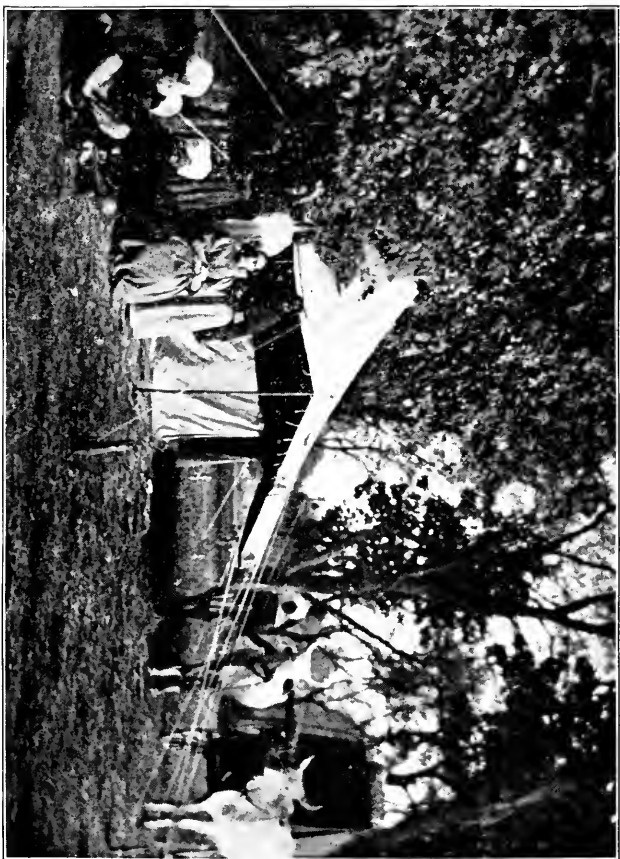
"In some of these mohullas they decorate their little chapels, and come out to meet us with singing. C—— thinks we should not allow it. I do not enjoy it personally; but I

let them have their way, for it identifies them with Christians in places where they are weak and tempted to be afraid to let their landlords know that Christian teachers visit them. Then they have to give up the Holi and Diwali and other festivals, and we should let them have some enjoyment according to their ideas, as well as filling all the time with our teaching. I have been so glad to have them celebrate Christmas with us.

“Mrs. Hoskins sent me a copy of the *Ladies’ Home Journal*, in which we found Rudyard Kipling’s last story, ‘William the Conqueror.’ Although the paper was full of distressing details of famine, it was good to have a story, and Miss O—— read it to me while I did some mending.”

Miss Rowe had a number of visits in camp this season from those who came to see her work or learn her methods; but, as usual, she learned while she taught. Miss Abrams, who had been appointed to evangelistic work in Poona, spent some weeks with her. She says, February 12th:

“Miss Abrams has done us all good. I made no plans for her, but she has seen the many experiences we pass through—the good



PHOEBE ROWE AND HER TENT AND CART



times and the hard times, the good Christians and the poor Christians, and those that are little more than baptized heathens. The other night we had to sleep in a blacksmith-shop without any covering, and ate barley bread and *sag*. It was that same evening that we saw the tiger. . . .

"I have been as pleased as a child to be a delegate to the Central Conference, not because of anything I can do there, but because I shall enjoy it, and it will be such a help to me to see and hear other workers. More and more I realize what a poor evangelist I am.

"On the 5th of March I want to be in Rubapura, to attend the first mela on the Ingram-Skinner estate. When I first worked in their villages and Mr. Ingram spoke of having a mela some time, it seemed very far off; but their faith has brought the victory nigh. There are now over two hundred and fifty Christians there.

"Yesterday, while passing through Shamli, we were invited into a courtyard to see a few women; but when it was known that we were there others came in until there were two hundred. The women are wonderfully accessible in this district. Mrs. Buck joined us after Miss Abrams left.

"March 28th.—The work is full of encouragement. We have seen so many good Christians. The preacher is loyal, and God's seal is on his work. We are to dine with them this evening. The postmaster here is a Christian, and we had dinner with them yesterday. In the morning we will go to Ghazibad, the nearest railway station, and from there to Muttra. There are six in our band now, and I am sorry to leave these dear women; but the mountains draw me, as well as Mrs. Gill's letters, for I have felt tired of late."

VII

Mountain Itinerating

IT had been arranged that during the hot months, when itinerating on the plains is so trying, Miss Rowe should work in the Pauri District in the mountains; and when the rains began there, take a training-class of Bible-women in that station.

“Aligarh, April 4th.—How many indications we have of our Father’s loving kindness all along the way! It was my plan to spend Sunday in Najibabad; but I could not get ready. There was a case of cholera in Dr. Scott’s compound, and I had to be up all night with the heartsore mother and panic-stricken boys, and when I left I was very tired. The train failed to make connection, and I had to stay here over Sunday. I was thankful for the quiet room instead of the hot and noisy zanana carriage.

“I was glad to hear that —— is doing well. I feel about all these weak ones that they are Christ’s, and that he honors us by giving them

to us to care for and be patient with. My boy Daniel has not been good, and has given me some wakeful and disappointed hours; but I find that some of my *sorry* is for myself, because I felt it was a discredit to my training! In how many ways self comes up!

"8th.—I went to Landsdowne, a long, long march up the hill. I arrived after seven and received a warm welcome from Brother Greenwald and his family. I was very tired, but they and five boys from the band came in and I had to smile and try to be pleasant. At nine o'clock they gave me a nice dinner of rice and dal and curry, which I very much enjoyed, and then after family prayers I retired. I visited the next day all the Christian families, and on Saturday had a meeting with the women. On Sunday I went to the English Church where an officer conducted the service. On my return I had the children in to sing; they had had their Sunday-school while I was away, and at three o'clock we had service. I was pleased to have so many come out. Two young men gave themselves to the Lord and have promised to sign the pledge, for drinking is the great temptation in these military bands. Five of the boys from our Pauri Orphanage are in this band.

"13th.—I was up at four o'clock; but the coolies were late in coming. Dear little Eddie was up, and brought me a *lota* of hot water; the children have been so sweet. In all my itinerating I never walked such a rough road. In many places we had to scramble up and down and slide and slip as best we could. At midday we found a quiet retreat near a stream which had almost gone dry. It trickled down in drops, and there were fifteen of us to drink from it; but the place was shaded and quiet and cool, and birds sang in the rhododendron-trees, whose blossoms I saw again after several years. I ate the last of the bread I had brought from Aligarh, and made some tea, and then moved on. Thagra met me near his village, and on arriving I saw his wife and two children. I have been agreeably disappointed in the woman, and reminded of the Master's words, 'Judge not after the outward appearance, but judge righteous judgment.' The poor little woman, with the neck bent down out of shape with scrofulous sores, and with timid, nervous manner, looked stupid to imbecility; but when I had her in my tent, or thatch hut, and heard her read, and talked with her, I saw that she knew more than appeared. Nearly all the women from the village came to me, and I talked to them, and

when they returned from the fields I went to the village again and tried to tell them the beautiful story of love.

“*Kainur, May 1st.*—After all these days in the lower villages, I have reached a place where it is cool. The little mission-house is beautiful for situation. The preacher is energetic and enthusiastic. We have just had a meeting, for which I had prepared a lesson for Christians; but non-Christians were in the majority in the audience, and I talked to them. Such a hard-looking set, so poor and starved and dirty, and yet Jesus touches their souls and quickens them. I am enjoying the work and begin to feel very well. It is hard to see the suffering,—hard to eat when there are so many hungry ones round me. Flour is sold at ten pounds to the rupee, and coarse rice at the same price. I am writing sitting in my *dandi*. The crowd of women who gathered at my door after the meeting are all gone, except one widow with four little ones. The people here wear a peculiar dress. The material looks like coarse wool; but it is woven from the bark of a shrub. The cloth is wound around the waist and brought in front, and a portion from the back caught together over the right shoulder with a large pin. There

was a sweet, brown-haired girl dressed in this garb with a string around her waist, who was so full of fun that at first she did not listen when I was talking to the women, but afterward her heart opened.

"The preacher is calling in some men from the circuit and will hold meetings for several days. My heart is very full of sympathy for these workers, for they have hardships unknown on the plains, and yet many of them are brave and strong. I wish I had brought some things with me for these dear workers; but I wanted to travel lightly because of the expense. With all my planning it requires twelve coolies to carry my tent and me. I tried going without a tent and bed; but when Mrs. Gill knew it she wired for them and they have come. I have had better nights since I had a clean bed.

"Jesus has come to my heart in a new way through his Word. I have spent more time with my Bible, and it has been a blessing to me, as well as to those to whom I talk."

It was from Kainur that the following "Mountain Top Experience" was sent to the *Indian Witness*:

"This morning, from the mission property at Kainur, Garhwal, I climbed the highest

approachable mountain and looked down on the beautiful Naiyar, which sometimes hid itself among the hills, and sometimes appeared laughing, glistening, dancing over boulders and rocks. I saw pine-covered mountain-sides, villages nestling among trees, and in the distance the purple heights covered with a most delicate veil. At my feet little daisies held up their heads in sweet simplicity, and deep blue forget-me-nots dotted the grass. Jesus said to me, 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, . . . how much more will he not clothe you?' and I answered, while holding the pierced hand, 'He hath covered me with the robe of his righteousness.'

"Even before I could see the graceful white rose climbing up some strong oak, I was aware of its presence by the spicy odor which filled the morning air. The notes of the cuckoo came across a stream which I heard babbling down a ravine I could not trace. The villages grew smaller and smaller until the forms of men and women could scarcely be recognized.

"Heaven's light was all around, and I seemed to walk above the world of sin. The things which had wounded and grieved me, my own battles with the world and the flesh, seemed so insignificant as I saw life in God's light. When the highest point was gained

a huge rock towered above me in all its strength and durability, and the prayer went up, 'Lead me to the rock which is higher than I; and in its cleft let me hide me away forever.' There I talked to my Heavenly Father.

"The sunshine was bright, but the light of the Father's smile was brighter. There was so much to tell, and yet, sitting at his feet, I said with sweet content, 'Thou knowest the story of the way, the failures and the victories, the triumphs of Thy grace, and how the Holy One of Israel has been limited, and the greater work has not been accomplished.'

"O! the comfort which came with the thought,

'He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come!'

'He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold.' The promise was brought to my mind, 'How much more will He not give the Holy Spirit!' and as the Spirit's power was what I had longed for, so as to lead his little ones into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and to show the weak ones the exceeding great and precious promises in his Word, I claimed this gift with a grateful heart.

"The mists had cleared, the stone had been

rolled away, and, looking up at the risen Christ, I said, 'My Lord and my God.' Hope filled my soul, and enlargement of heart came as I talked to him about his kingdom, and prayed for his little ones scattered over the hills and plains. My strength had been renewed, and I came down with bounding feet,

'To tell the story, to show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in
How it did shine in this poor heart of mine!'

"The first one to hear it was an old woman, whose eyes were dim and ears dull of hearing. Her shriveled, pinched features had very few marks of intelligence. Ordinarily, talking to such a one would have seemed a hopeless task; but the risen Christ was very near, and I felt she was one for whom Christ had suffered. Little by little the message of hope, salvation, and eternal life entered her heart; then she clasped her withered hands, and repeated a little prayer after me, and I felt the Spirit's presence.

"'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

"*Dekhwali, May 6th.*—Mrs. Gill has been very good to me, and has three times sent me baskets of good things. Without them I fear I must have gone hungry sometimes; for twice

my stopping-place was where there was no shop of any kind, and until the first basket came I was eating *chapatis* made of such bad flour that it required my healthy appetite to help me to eat them. But why write of these things? The people have been so kind, and put up booths for me before the tent came. Often their houses have only one room for the whole family.

"This is where the sainted Khiyali lived and died. His name is revered and his influence still felt. I had a nice talk with his old sister, and wish I could stay and work with her for a month.

"*Paori, May 28th.*—I have examined the school, and now I am teaching a nice class of teachers and Bible readers, and enjoy it very much. What will you think when I tell you that I read a little New Testament Greek every day. Mr. Gill has encouraged me to begin it, and given me a few lessons.

"*June 13th.*—I was sitting out under the apricot-tree when your letter came, studying 1 Thessalonians i, 11, 12. I read, 'I have some good news for you,' and my eyes ran down the line till I saw Miss Gibson's name, and I jumped to the thought that you were about to tell me she was coming out. That

would have been good news, and I immediately began to think how much she could do in Paori. But it was only money! I am thankful for that, for it shows me a way out of a perplexing question, although, to the praise of God, I must say that I have not worried about it. I knew that if it was his plan for Miss Budden's girls to come down, the money would be sent, and here it is. I think I told you that Miss B—— is preparing several girls for work during our winter campaign; now they are provided for. The next question is where to keep my people. Muttra is full and overflowing. I should be glad to start a native Deaconess Home, and have my co-workers live with me. Shall we go to Bindraban, and make a start for Dr. Scott when she comes, or shall it be Hatras? It is not wise to keep up a separate establishment when I am in one place so little; but it would be very simple and inexpensive."

The three months promised to the Paori work were over; and when the rains had well broken on the plains Miss Rowe turned homeward to be in time for the summer training-schools.

"Naini Tal, July 4th.—Here I am in this lovely place, among Miss Easton's perfect flowers. I was obliged to come here, as the coolies refused to take the other route."

The reason why she was not allowed to go directly to the plains appears in the next letter. There was work of comforting to be done, and no one could fill the office better; one saint was sent to sympathize with another.

Mr. McMahon, the presiding elder of the Kamaon District, had come home for a long tour in the East and North, stricken with malarial-typhoid fever, from which he did not recover.

"July 6th.—Word has come that our good Mr. McMahon has gone, and Miss Easton and Dr. Humphrey think I should go to Dwarahat. Mrs. McMahon should not be left alone there. In another week the dear people from the villages will be coming in to Muttra for their summer school, and I had planned to help Lucy, whose hands are so full; but I do not want to choose for myself.

"Dwarahat, 9th.—Mrs. McMahon met me at the steps. She is brave and strong and very sweet; the Lord has sustained her won-

derfully. . . . I hope you did not think I did wrong in coming, and that at Finance Committee some arrangement may be made so that I can go down to my work. It is a privilege to be with this dear saint. It is touching to see how she takes up every duty."

It was arranged that Miss Greene, then at Paori, would stay at Dwarahat until Conference, and Miss Rowe returned to Muttra. She was much depressed during the early part of this training work, because of the unworthy material put into her hands. When there is such sore need of laborers and few are ready, there is a temptation to send out those who are willing to go, and some of them are unfit. The awakening of these to their need, and then their teaching and training, was often a part of Phœbe Rowe's work, and the necessity a constant burden on her heart. A better spirit prevailed before this school closed, and in her earnestness and sympathy with those she so longed to uplift, she probably worked beyond her strength. Meetings were held nightly in the open air, and she often remained late, talking and praying with the seekers.

VIII

Sickness and Health-Seeking

THERE had been such scant rain that it was thought safe to begin camping early in September. Miss Rowe, Miss Sullivan, and a Bible-woman went out for a week's work; but Miss Sullivan took fever, and they all returned. It proved to be typhoid, and all must have been exposed, perhaps by the water they drank, for all had the fever. After Miss Sullivan was convalescent, and had gone to Naini Tal to regain her strength, Miss Rowe started out with tents and carts for the long tour of the villages. She felt ill, but thought she would be better out in the open air, and went on until fever was aggravated by a heavy cold, which brought on pleurisy. She started back, suffering acutely, and, thinking that Miss Wright and the others at Muttra had only just rested from nursing Miss Sullivan, with her instinctive fear of being a trouble, she de-

cided to go to Agra to the hospital; but when she reached the railway junction she was too ill to make the change for the longer journey, and went in to Muttra, to be most tenderly nursed by Dr. Emma Scott and Miss Wright. In writing of this, she says, "How many friends I found in finding the Lord!" She did not make a rapid recovery, and Miss Sullivan was home again to help her, if possible, to get well. Her constitution was never strong, and the effects of the pleurisy lingered. The beautiful November days passed before she was able to travel, and then it was to seek health instead of going to her loved villagers. Her ever kind Friends, as she called them—Miss Fistler and Miss Baird—invited her to their new home in Bandelkhand, and she remained there until after Christmas. We hoped to have her with us in Lucknow on that day; but her doctor thought the quiet at Nowgong better for her. She wrote:

"I can see the roses and heliotrope at Lal Bagh, and all the green vines that decorate the room, and I can smell the coffee that was passed around after morning prayer-meeting.

My head is too tired to write you a long letter, but I want to send a scrap of Christmas greeting."

She returned to Conference in January; but it was apparent to all that she was still unfit for even light work, and after a consultation of the medical missionaries present they decided that she should take a sea-voyage to Singapore with Bishop and Mrs. Thoburn. Before leaving Calcutta the best authority in the city was consulted, with the opinion that this journey was just the remedy needed. She was such a poor sailor that the sight and sound of waves made her feel uncomfortable; but the sea air did her good, and she enjoyed the new places and people whom she met. It was a time of absolute rest, for she was forbidden to use her voice in either singing or public speaking.

This bit from a letter from Calcutta shows that our heavenly-minded friend had her every-day human side:

"I have found you a shawl at last, after looking through a number of shops. You must not think I minded that, for I enjoy

looking into shop windows as much as I did ten years ago in America. . . . I have a new dress. It is nicely made up, and I will be quite a 'swell' deaconess. Seeing so many people, and invited out so much, made me feel that I wanted to look respectable, and my old dress was rather the worse for wear."

"*Singapore.*—This is the prettiest of the Deaconess Homes. Everything is clean and sweet, for there is no dust in this atmosphere, and nature does so much to enrich these people. The umbrella-tree hangs over the balcony; further off is a poinciana regia; ferns, orchids, begonias, and palms run wild. It is a privilege to meet some one like Dr. Leuring, who knows the name of every plant and bird. I wish you could hear the birds sing; it reminded me of America. . . . Our people here have a wide-open door, and the Lord has greatly honored them; but the 'accuser of the brethren' is here, too. . . . I begin to feel a buoyancy of spirit which makes me think that I am getting better. Even you do not know how thankful I will be to work again. I have done so little and have brought so few to Christ; but trying to forget the things that are behind, I am pressing forward."

There was improvement, but not sufficient for the tent and cart, and when she returned the doctor recommended the mountains. Accordingly, the middle of April found her in the Almora Sanitarium, Miss Nichols, whose health had failed in Lucknow, being her companion. She gained strength but very slowly, and frequently had a little of the lingering fever; but she longed for service, and it was suggested that she go on to Pithoragarh, when she would have equal quiet, but might help a little in the summer school to be held there. This hope, and the visit to the scene of a former time of happy work with Florence Nickerson, and the prospect of association with Miss Budden, led her to undertake the four days' intervening march, especially when she could make it in company with Mary Reed, who had been in to Almora for a visit.

"Pithoragarh, June 14th.—We are having the woman's school on the veranda. I only have the Bible class with them at present. This morning I went with Miss B—— to a village where I used to work. Now some of the women from the Home are settled there,

and are farming. A family in the place was baptized a year ago, and they are doing well. I see development on all sides. Sunday my heart was much stirred to see the church full to overflowing, and to see the gifts of wheat, rice, and pice for the famine sufferers. It is to be sent to Dr. Johnson. . . . I am thankful to be here, and to have a little share in the work.

*“June 21st (Her Birthday).—*The Lord is very good to me, and daily loadeth me with benefits. Yesterday I had time to think of the past year—the richest in my life; other years I have made vows and promises, but now I have only been looking up into the face of my Lord, and his smile is the best gift I have. This morning Ellen brought me roses and sweet-brier; Miss Brown sent me one of her paintings; Mary Reed sent me a sweet little note, and ‘Heart and Life Thoughts;’ Miss Tresham gave me a booklet, and then in sister Annie’s sanctum how she prayed for me! My morning walk was to visit some of the Christians. . . . Yesterday in the afternoon I went up to see Mary Reed. I had tea in her little porch, surrounded by roses and geraniums, and looking down on the peaceful valley, and over all the deep blue sky and the gor-

geous clouds. She served the tea in a pretty little cup in her own dainty way. We prayed together, and the Lord gave me such a blessing. I am getting stronger without doubt. I sleep better than I did in Almora, and have a tremendous appetite.

“*July 22d.*—This is a rainy morning, and there has been no prayer-meeting. Miss Budden began her *kheri* yesterday, and as Ellen had to be in it, we closed school until Monday. Do you know what a *kheri* is? The millet fields are being weeded, and all the best women and girls form lines while two musicians play and sing, and they go through the fields like a swarm of locusts. A wonderful amount of work is done in this way. Miss Budden is often out in the damp fields for a whole day. I criticised her for this, and asked her why the matrons could not do it, and she replied: ‘Few of their own class, as the matron is, can keep them steadily at work; and then I get acquainted with them in the fields, so that I am able to help them. If I had not done this you would not have had those eighteen bright converted women in your school.’

“*August 6th.*—I think I rather enjoy telling my friends that I am busy. I seem to be making as much as possible of the little I am

permitted to do; but I can't tell you how grateful I am for the privilege of helping here a little and there a little. The Lord has not disappointed me, and if there were any doubts at first about the wisdom of my coming here they have all cleared away. I have tokens for good from the hand of the Lord, and his smile makes the days bright. This morning after our prayer-meeting I had a long, quiet walk, and then I sat at my desk writing and studying. I have had such delightful hours with my Bible.

"Last Sunday was Children's-day here, and the exercises were very interesting. The subject was 'Salvation.' A pundit asked questions such as an inquirer might ask, and one by one the girls and boys answered them with Bible texts. One dear girl read the story of what this salvation had done for her and her blind brother. Then I talked from Hebrews i, 3. We all realized that impressions had been made and good done. . . .

"My heart is full of going down and the work I want to do. I feel as though I am just beginning my itinerating, instead of leaving it as Mrs. — thinks.

"*August 28th.*—This is Saturday, and there is no woman's class. Ellen is dispensing medi-

cines in the next room. The girls have returned from the brook, and are having a lively time spreading their washed clothes on the grass to dry. Yesterday Miss B—— and I took breakfast at Punera's house. They have a son after several years of married life, and there is great rejoicing. There were no heathen rites. . . . All the week I have been busy examining the school. As the time approaches for leaving I feel sad, for these dear people have been so good to me, and the love of the native Christians, especially the poor ones, has been very touching. But O, how I long to see more definite results! My heart is full of prayer for the Sabbath evening service which I am to take. . . . The regular teaching has been a great pleasure to me. I should enjoy such work permanently if the poor sheep in the wilderness did not need me.

"Naini Tal, September 24th.—I was glad to get your letter in Almora, for I felt a little homesick after leaving the people in Pithoragarh. I came on here, where Mrs. Blackstock has taken me in. To-day I went over to see Miss Easton, and staid for breakfast and lunch. Her little office off the veranda always takes me back to America. The same

sort of careless, luxurious feeling which I so often felt there, and which used to make me afraid, comes to me as I sit back in one of the easy chairs and look out on her flowers. Mrs. Messmore was there, and I read that story in the *Century*, 'An Adventure with a Dog.' Read it, if you have not already. It is very fascinating to get among Miss Easton's books.

"*Muttra, October 12th.*—Early this morning I found myself in the nice room Lucy has had done up for me. I have been arranging my things, but I am tired of so many earthly possessions. So much of life has been spent in packing and unpacking, and it seems to me the less I have the better for me, and one of these days I will make a distribution. One who lives in tents ought not to have so much impedimenta."

"*13th.*—I had written so far when the Bible-women and training-school girls came to see me. Now I am writing in the veranda of this pleasant dak-bungalow in Kosi, twenty-five miles from Muttra. Miss Scott lent me her horse, and I am not so tired as I would have been in an ekka. I have come here to buy a pair of oxen for my cart, and while the men are out searching for them, I am enjoying the quiet of this country place. In front

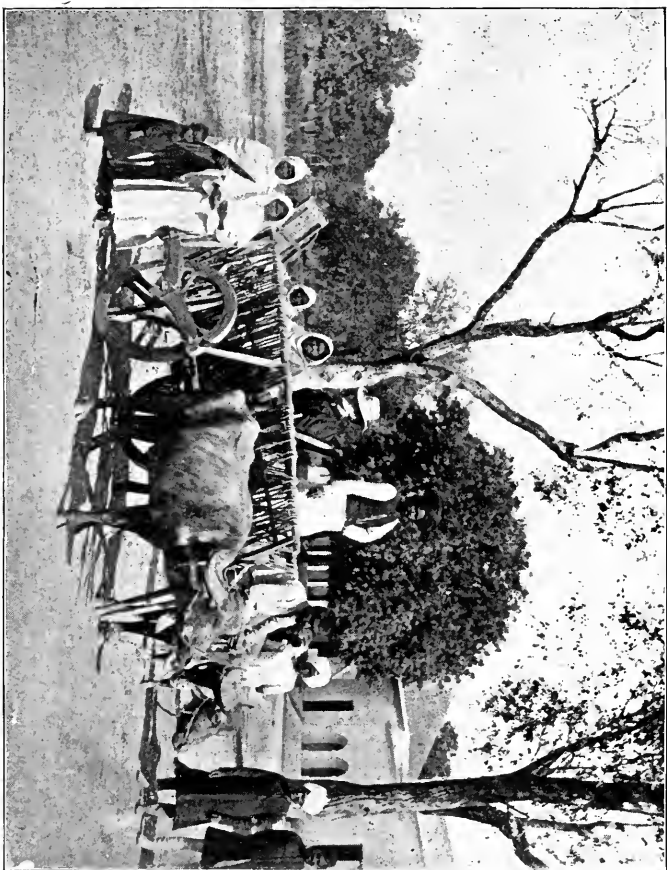
of me are the millet fields, to my left is a garden; the cooing of doves, the chattering of squirrels, and now and then the barking of a dog from a distant village, are the only sounds I hear. . . . Such a fine pair of oxen has been brought. We have offered Rs. 100, but the owner has not decided."

IX

The Last Itinerary

THE itinerating with the new cart and oxen began the middle of October, and continued all the winter months, the only halting-places being the District Conferences; but for those she did not always stop the whole band, but left and joined them again further on.

“November 11th.—What a beautiful world this is, and how full of kind hearts! Why do I get more than my share of it all? I have had such a delightful time at the Moradabad District Conference. They voted to give the money raised by their auxiliaries to this work. As I left them in the moonlight the girls stood near the palings, and sang ‘Wondrous Love’ so sweetly. I was sorry I could not stay longer. I had four meetings a day, and God was with me. . . . While I was writing, Mr. Skinner has come. He sent for his shigram when he heard that I was going to



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ride sixteen miles in an ekka. He has sent bread, butter, and other nice things. I have all things, and abound. I will join the band in the tents to-morrow.

“November 17th.—We have had some trouble; but the Lord stood by me, and we were helped through. Daniel has been more than ungrateful, and left me, taking with him our driver, in a village where there is no police station, and they thought I would have difficulty about getting another. Brother Haqq has acted like a brother, indeed. Mahabir and a sweeper boy came to the front, and we will get on until we find a good driver. I have failed to make a Christian man of Daniel; but I hope some one else may succeed. . . . Please send me some papers, or something to read. I brought nothing with me, and am hungry for some reading.

“I have been to Delhi, and lost my heart to it. No place I ever saw affected me like this Moti Masjid (The Pearl Mosque). Perhaps there was something in the evening and something in my heart that responded; but I wanted to get down on my face and pray. I shall always be grateful to this place; for somehow as I walked about it, all the aversion that has been in my heart toward Mohammedans

went out, and I can meet them as a Christian should meet those who are far off, but have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ."

One of Miss Rowe's letters soon after this told of the conversion of a Mohammedan.

"December 8th.—This morning I left the band, and started for the Mussoorie District Conference. . . . I have so much to be thankful for that my heart has been singing, 'Where shall I Thy praise begin?' We had such a spiritual Conference at Mirut, and many have returned to do better work. One of the brethren who needed help was specially blessed. The Mohammedan I wrote about from Sonapat came, and impressed all with his earnestness. He is to be baptized with his family; his wife and son seem very satisfactory. .

"December 24th.—These have been very happy days, and our large party has been busy. The girls from Pithora are doing nicely. Georgiana is as good as gold, and to-day is making preparations for our Christmas dinner. Miss Lawson has been very kind to us, and we have nice things in our lunch-basket. . . . I am sure you will be glad to hear

that I am feeling very well—almost as strong as in my best days, and even though sometimes I get tired, work is a joy.

“Christmas-day.—How I wish you could be with us! The light and shade through the mango-trees make a pretty carpet for the place chosen for our service, while the boughs overhead form a bower, and the birds will join in the singing. The Shor girls sing sweetly. I am going to talk on ‘Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.’ This morning I have been looking up all the blessings that Christ brings us, and my heart is filled with praise.”

To the missionaries, especially those whose work is in remote places, an Indian Conference is like a large family gathering, and it is an occasion not only of home-cheer and heart-warming, but of spiritual blessing while we wait together on God. In addition to the business routine of a home Conference, there are social gatherings for prayer and counsel.

The Conferences of 1898 were especially interesting, because of the presence of Bishop Foss, Bishop and Mrs. Joyce, and Dr. Goucher. Their sermons and addresses were added to what is always an attractive pro-

gramme. The Central Conference is biennial, and composed of delegates from all India and Malaysia, and this followed immediately the session of the Northwest India. No one enjoyed these occasions more than Miss Rowe, and no one's presence was more enjoyed by the others or more helpful to them than hers; but she felt that the cold season was so short, the need of the villages so great, and the days so precious for work, that she could not spare the time to go to Conference.

She always underestimated the importance of her presence, and did not realize her influence on her associate workers. When some one wrote telling her that her special field should have been presented at the Central Conference, she replied:

"The tears had to come from disappointment that I was not there. Jesus knows I would go there or anywhere for the sake of this work. I was helped by a letter from Mrs. H——, who says, 'She never so felt the burden of this Christ-needy people as now.' Perhaps this burden was laid on hearts without my testimony."

It was arranged at this Conference of 1898 that Miss Rowe spend the cold season as evangelist in the two Conferences, but that she go from April to October to local work in Naini Tal. This plan was suggested by her friend, Mrs. Blackstock, and was generally approved. It was evident that while she had regained strength, yet she was not equal to the longer strain of working into the hot months; and also a missionary was needed in Naini Tal. She was much pleased when she heard of it. She had never spoken of it to any one, but the summers with their unsettled work had tired her more than the time in camp, because this work was so indefinite. She wrote:

"I am full of plans for the future. I am interested in Naini Tal, and so glad to have work of my own for that time. But there are still three precious months for the villages, and no time must be wasted."

"Mozufferpur, January 20th.—We came in a little before four o'clock. Mrs. B—— gave us all tea, and in the evening our party of nine dined at her *dastarkhwan*. These two days will be spent in getting our washing done,

carts repaired, and stores laid in. I hope I may be shown where to go next. . . . Yesterday my heart was very much encouraged with some Christians we visited in one of the villages—Chumar converts. One of the young women was working at the sugar-cane press, and ran out to greet us. Then she ran around telling the neighbors, ‘Come and see my padrin, and listen to what she says.’ It made the tears come to see her sit down at our feet, and repeat sentence after sentence, ‘Born of a virgin, lived thirty-three years in the world, was put to death in my stead, and for me rose again,’ etc. It seemed as though all the high-caste people came out to hear. The roof was covered with women; the men sat on the walls and stood all around. The *jats* were very anxious to hear, and we had an inspiring time. In the meantime the other members of the band worked in two other villages. We leave this place on Monday; but which way I do not yet know. Each day is most precious, and I do not want to lose one opportunity. I find myself wishing that some one else had been sent to Naini Tal, and that I might carry out my plan of staying in some village. While I am glad to go there, yet I am also sad. You know how my heart aches for these lambs Jesus has given me.

“January 24th.—If I had time, I should like to tell you of the inspiring meeting we have had with the workers here, and it has comforted me somewhat for the fear that perhaps I had neglected duty in not going to the Conference. My heart is full of thankfulness, because everywhere the workers seem to have been taught by the Spirit.

“February 2d.—I am sure our going to Rubapura was of the Lord. He did more for us than I expected, and I have never seen his Spirit working so manifestly. All the officials and servants came, perhaps out of respect to their employers; but their hearts were strangely stirred, and I expect to hear of future good work. I wish you and E—— could have seen the tappadar; he is a fine-looking Pathan, a subadar in the mutiny. He takes pleasure in showing the scars received while trying to save the life of his colonel. He was convicted in one of the first meetings, and in the quiet of Mrs. I——’s tent he said, ‘I would be baptized now, but I will come to see you in Muttra.’ The day I left, he rode out a mile to talk where no one would see him. I became very much interested in another intelligent Mohammedan, a man of intense feeling. The death of his young wife broke his heart,

and from that time he had begun to search into the Christian religion. He wanted to know where her soul had gone, and none but the Christian religion gave him any comfort. He goes to Naini Tal in April, and I hope to see more of him. There was a very interesting Brahman pundit, who was convinced but afraid to come out. . . . We were royally treated. . . . So much kindness makes me ashamed of myself, and I feel guilty for accepting it when I am so undeserving.

"13th.—I wish I had only victories to relate, but I must sadden you with stories of defeat also. It has made me very sad to find that those we visited here two years ago have either gone back, or know no more than they did then. But we were much encouraged with the work among the Jats. . . . We will take the train to Najibabad, and from there work towards Sanbhal, and then on to Moradabad.

"March 1st.—How can I tell you of the joy that has filled me again and again? The Lord Jesus has walked with me through the wheat-fields, sat in the mohallas with us, and the people have been drawn to him. . . . Our camp is in a beautiful grove. How it would rest you to see the fields, stretching

away off as far as the eye can reach, to smell the spring odors and hear the cooing doves! . . . Miss M—— has gone to the mohulla with two of the Shor girls. She is very nice. The only trouble is that she does too much for me. I must be growing old, for these young ones treat me with so much consideration and tenderness."

This was the last note of joy in the letters. She who had won so many victories for King Emmanuel, and had so often been made glad by the success of His cause, was to suffer in this last effort apparent defeat. Although faith triumphed, her heart was sore all that last month. It was not because she was worn out with the preceding four months' campaign, although she had written, "I am well, but get tired very soon," and it was not because of any hardships or ordinary difficulties, such as she met everywhere; but it was strife of soul with unbelief where she should have met faith, with disloyalty among those who were called Christians, and indifference in the shepherds who were neglecting their flocks. A defiant idolatry took the place of the eager inquiry she was accustomed to meet.

The following passages in her letters show how deeply she was at this time a partaker in the suffering of Christ :

“For the past three weeks I have had great sorrow of heart. . . . How I have felt here the terrible power of idolatry! How few of us realize what a hold it has upon the people! . . . The Christians here are not roused to the danger, and our testimonies Sunday morning did not seem to make any impression. . . . I have learned the meaning of Gethsemane as I never knew it before. . . . Flesh and heart fail, but Jesus strengthens and keeps.”

These last passages were written after a most painful experience. Miss Rowe and Caroline Mamma had gone with Bhola Singh, a preacher, to a village where there were Christians. In their mohulla they found a shrine to their god, and they had reason to think that offerings were sometimes made there. The people, when they were reproved, said, “It is nothing to us.” “Then,” said they, “may we take it down?” and the people assented, but would not help. The preacher soon overturned and broke up

the altar, and then in his zeal said, "If Lal Beg is anything, let him destroy me to-day for destroying this shrine." A few hours after, the man, who was sometimes subject to epileptic fits, fell and struck his head against a wall, and died before midnight. Miss Rowe said, "I asked the Lord to spare his life, for to me it seemed wisest and best, and I was afraid his death would make many weak ones stumble; but may be it will prove a blessing to this needy district."

It was indeed Gethsemane to her that dark day; but the next she wrote:

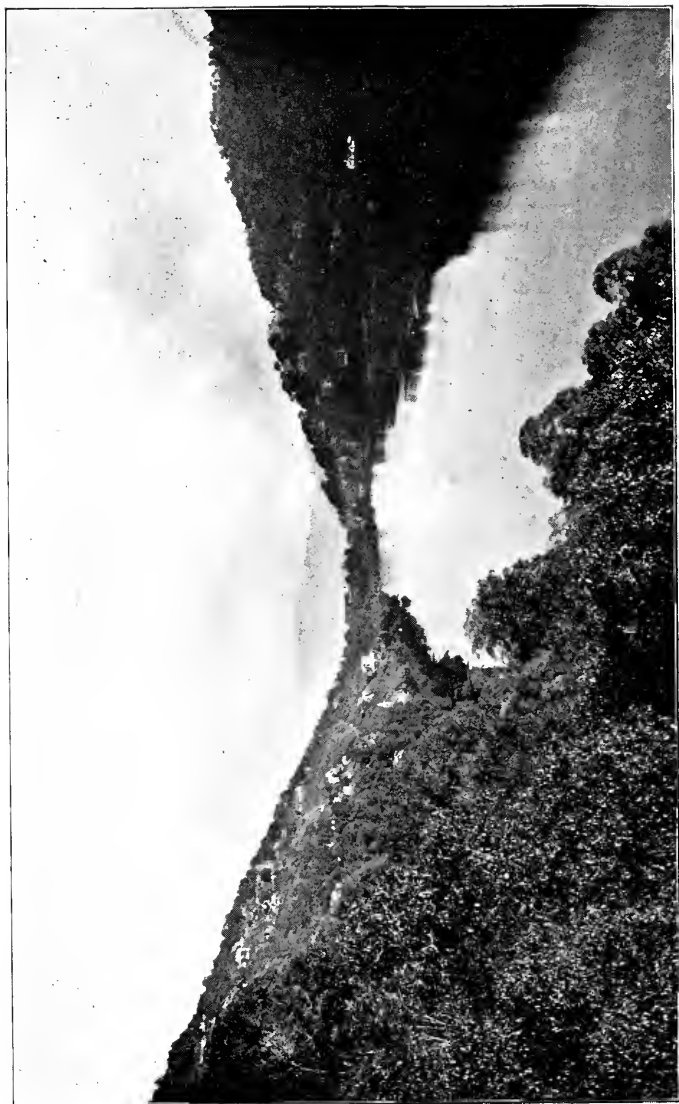
"God's comfort has come to me. I have seen the Master across the troubled waves, and can say with the prophet, 'Though the fig-tree shall not blossom nor fruit be on the vine, . . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord.'"

"I could not go away without seeing the place where Bhola Singh had done his last work, and my 'companion in the gospel' went with me. We stopped at the house of the teacher, and his wife begged me not to go to the mohulla; but we went, and there, under the pakhar-tree in the same place, was a larger shrine, newly built, with a bunch of peacock

feathers over it, which had not been there before. The faces of that crowd haunt me. They reminded me of the mob that cried, 'Crucify Him!' in the picture of Christ before Pilate. When we were leaving, Bhola Singh's widow said, 'Do not let that shrine stand;' but they would not consent to its being taken down again. Isaiah 1, 10, is my verse."

It was thus she closed the work of the cold season and her earthly pilgrimage. Hot winds were already blowing, and the 1st of April was approaching, when she was due in Naini Tal. From Sambhal they went on to Chandausi, where her sore heart was comforted by the sympathy of the Christians there, and then the band separated. Tents and carts were disposed of, and a short visit made to Muttra to repack for the hill climate, and the last day of April found her in Bellevue, Miss Sullivan's Naini Tal house, which she had placed at the service of the mission for the season, no provision having been made by the Missionary Society for that purpose.





NAINI TAL

The Last Service

THE first few days were spent in unpacking and arranging for her little family. In the midst of it all, thought was busy with plans for the next campaign. Letters were written to Miss Budden and to possible assistants for the work in Shor, "because I am thinking that if Miss B—— has help next winter, and if Miss Means's sister comes, we may form three bands for this needy work." She also found time to write for the Kaukab an appeal to the Christians to make a stand against idolatry, and to look well after the little ones of the flock. The burden on her heart for the villages did not, however, lessen her interest in what she had been sent to do at Naini Tal, and while arranging for house-keeping, she also planned for Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, zanana visits, etc.

Miss McMullen, who had been for several

years a zanana teacher in Naini Tal, was going on with her daily work. In a house where she taught, there was a case of diphtheria. The child died, and the bereaved Hindu mother called her to "come and give us some comforting words." A few days after, both Miss Rowe and Miss McMullen were taken ill with what they thought was influenza, because it was very prevalent at that time in Naini Tal. The latter soon recovered, and Miss Rowe thought herself better; "but," she wrote in her last letter, "I get very tired, and when I try to sleep, Bhola Singh and what I want to say in the *Kaukab* keep running through my head." She was out several times, and on Friday tied on her bonnet to go to a League meeting, where she had promised to speak; but fever came on, and Miss Boyd, who took loving care of her throughout, prevailed upon her to send word that she was not able to go. The next day she was so much worse that Dr. Humphrey was called, and he pronounced the disease diphtheria; but the English doctor, whom he brought the next morning, thought it tonsilitis. Diphtheria

was the later diagnosis, after another English physician was called in consultation.

I was called by a telegram on Monday, and reached Naini Tal on Tuesday afternoon. They told me she was much better than she had been the day before. "She is such an obedient patient," the doctors said; "the only difficulty is, that she is afraid of giving us trouble, and so uncomplaining that it is not easy to find out her true condition."

She was not able to talk much at any time, and toward the last not at all; but in the early dawn of Wednesday morning, when she was for a few hours comparatively free from pain, her last words were spoken. A few months before, Dr. Wilson, a brother missionary, after returning from a service, had been suddenly taken home, and Miss Rowe wrote of it: "What a good way to die! This is one thing I ask for myself. I dread a long, lingering illness and being a burden to my friends; but 'Jesus knows what to make me, and when to take me.' " She was always so afraid that she might add in the least to any one's care. She had seen some painful cases of consumption,

and her weak lungs and throat had made her fear that might be her lot. So now she said: "God is good to me to take me in this way, instead of letting me suffer longer. . . . And he is good to let me die here among these beautiful mountains. I thought my grave would have been somewhere in a village. . . . Let everything about the funeral be simple and inexpensive."

Later she said: "Do you know I did not want to die that time I was sick in Muttra? I felt afraid; I had done so little; . . . but now it is all different."

Long ago in Lucknow meetings she used to sing a touching little refrain, which she repeated now—she could not sing:

"My sins are washed away
In the blood of the Lamb.

I have lost the fear of death
Through the blood of the Lamb.'

She had not strength for special messages, and could only say, "Tell everybody I love them; . . . give everybody my love;" and again: "Tell the native Christians I love them." . . . "I have been very happy in

the mission. Every one has been so good to me."

She seemed thinking most of the work that had filled her heart for so many years, "I only wanted to live for the work, for those sheep in the wilderness; but God will raise up others to go to them." She seemed comforted with this assurance.

She sent for the teachers and Bible-women, and then for the servants, who were Christians and had been with her in camp. She asked them to sing the Hindustani hymn, "Main Musafir, main pardesi," and then "Jesus, Lover of my soul," in English. After a few words to each, suited to his or her special need, she gave them her hand in farewell, and said, "Now leave me with Jesus."

We thought she was going then; but all day long the struggle went on and until midnight, when she found blessed release.

Beautiful flowers were sent the next day—white roses and calla lilies; but none would have touched her heart more gratefully than the garland of wild jessamine blossoms gath-

ered and made by a servant—one of the weak, stumbling “little brothers,” as she called them—whom she so often employed for their good, rather than for their service to herself. His garland fitly crowned her true to the vow written in her Bible years before, “God being my helper, I will comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, and be patient toward all.”

In the late evening the precious form was laid to rest on the mountain-side under the forest trees. Ferns and mosses and pale wood violets grow around her grave here, while far away on the eternal hills she watches for the home-coming of her “sheep from the wilderness.”

XI

A Few Tributes From Friends

WHEN it was known that Phœbe Rowe had been taken home, there was widespread sorrow, and letters came from India, England, and America, bearing testimony to the beauty of her life and character; a few are given which express the thought of all. No less sincere mourners were the many poor villagers who could not write their sense of loss.

Mrs. Waugh, under whose superintendence she had begun her work, wrote from America:

"I have just heard that our lovely Phœbe has gone home. I can't do anything to-day—my heart is aching, and I am all broken up. She is with the Lord, and is happy. I can see her face radiant with love and joy, with the reflection of His face on hers, as she enters the wonderful light of heaven. . . . Beautiful character! I can understand better what the Christ-life is for having known her—not only what poor, weak human beings can be if

all Christ's, but also something of what the Lord Jesus Himself was on earth in the flesh.

"She was the loveliest, purest spirit I ever knew; and now that India and the world have her no more in the flesh, I feel that one of the most beautiful things the world ever saw has gone out of it. I thank God over and over again that I knew her, that I had a place in her heart, and that she showed me and taught me so much. Every one who has ever known her must be better for it. I pray God to give me something of her unselfish, loving spirit. . . . How happy she is in learning some of the deep things of God, for which she always hungered here! How she will sing now; how her voice will ring out in heaven! But I fancy that sad undertone will still be there, for she can not forget earth's suffering and the work of her heart in India."

Mrs. Williams, of Chicago, formerly Miss DeVine, and a co-worker of Phœbe Rowe's in India, wrote:

"I can think of Phœbe in heaven, and of her being the same Phœbe unchanged in any way, as I can think of no one else. Even in our eyes she did not need to be transformed to seem to be like Him. She was like Him and lived like Him here. How free she was of all

pettiness, or conceit, or self-seeking, and how full of rest and contentment her life was! I feel awed when I think of her now. Somehow it does not seem strange to me that she has gone; it almost seems the natural thing. Even the thought of who will take her place does not force itself upon my mind; for her work and her influence were so unique that it will never occur to any one to try to fill the place she left vacant. Her official duties will fall naturally into other hands; but her work is done. . . . She lived her life of grace and sweetness, and it was a life of power. . . . Her character was a masterpiece in the studies of grace."

Mrs. Cratty, with whom she made her home what little time she stopped anywhere in America, says:

"I shall always be so thankful we had her with us for a little while. Her dear, loving, unselfish heart was a constant inspiration to me. . . . A saintlier character never lived than she. Every one that ever met her here remembers everything about her—her modest talks, her sweet singing, and all feel a loss."

Mrs. McMahon, in whose sorrow, two years before, Phœbe had sympathized, wrote from Middletown, Connecticut:

"You are not lacking in tributes to dear Phœbe; but I could not withhold mine. . . . Phœbe was a saint; we all knew it; and yet with such sweet humility as to see the best of all natures outside her own. . . . She was unique of her kind, like a lovely flower I was classifying to-day. It was a beautiful, pinkish purple; but as I opened its carolla unexpected beauties of form and arrangement were disclosed. A tiny, white pink, tufted cup covered its stamens, and what looked like a tube was folds of color wrapped around its filaments like a garment. No, there may be other spirits pure and good; but there will not be another Phœbe."

Bishop Thoburn wrote from England:

"Your letter came when I was out, and when I returned Theodore climbed up on my knee, and said softly, 'Aunt Phœbe is gone to heaven.' . . . More than any one else she seemed a member of our own family, and connected so closely with yourself and me when we had our home together. . . .

More than any one else I have ever known Phœbe Rowe seemed to belong to heaven. . . . It is easy to say that she might have lived longer; but I am not at all sure that she did not live exactly as long in this world as God intended. When most persons die, their work seems to be unfinished; but I have no such feeling in regard to Phœbe. She left nothing incomplete; her work was perfect up to the measure of her strength and gifts. We shall miss her; but I never felt so little like grieving over the death of one whom I esteemed so highly and loved so sincerely.

"Phœbe's work is not done. You remember how we used to read in our school-book of natural science how the grain of musk gave off its rich scent for years if confined in a room. That to which Paul applied the peculiar term, *savor*, belonged in rich measure to Phœbe's character and work. Her spirit will bless our gatherings in India for years to come. The possibility of holy living, the nature of entire consecration, the value of a blameless life, the nature of unquestioning faith: all these things will remain as a rich possession to our mission for many years in connection with the memory of her sainted life."

The following is Mrs. Thoburn's tribute to the memory of one she loved as a sister from the first:

"She was one of those persons who seemed to belong to me from the first, and this sense of ownership increased as the years went by, so that when the news came to me across the seas that she had gone from us, a great feeling of poverty that is hard to describe came over me. It has been said more than once, 'Earth is poorer, but heaven richer;' but never more truly than in this case. I count them among the many good things God has given me—the days together that I have been permitted to spend with this rare spirit. She has been my unconscious teacher many times, as we have talked together, and often when she said nothing. Few people carry with them such an atmosphere of heaven as she. I had been with her at different times in America and in India; but I shall always remember most pleasantly, perhaps, our trip together to Pithoragarh. I came to know her best then. We had a funny detention of eight days at the end of our first march, owing to some mismanagement about our coolies. I considered it a Providence that we could not go

on; for she was too much worn by hard work, for even hill traveling, easy as it can be made. But she feared it was a trial to me, and would often ask, 'Do n't you think it looks as if I ought to go back?' I would laughingly reply, 'It looks to me as if we should both stay here, since we can not walk, and have no other means of traveling.' Coolies finally were sent to us, seventeen of them; but, like the 'little Indians,' dropped off one by one, until there were ten, and with varied and amusing experiences we made our way on to Almora, and thence to Pithoragarh, where we spent four happy weeks together, and then the restful journey back to the plains.

"She used often to sing as we rode along in our dandis, and her sweet voice never sounded sweeter than in that pure mountain air. Even my little two-year-old Grace used to say, 'I like to hear Aunt Phœbe sing; I want her to sing more.' They are both members of the heavenly choir now.

"I never felt her superiority more than when she spoke in a meeting, or led in prayer. She always had a message and an originality of expression that was unusual. And when she prayed you felt that she was speaking to One she knew, and were sure she had a hear-

ing. The same marked character showed itself in every letter I ever received from her. She never wrote commonplace letters.

“After her recent illness—and she was obliged to give up her work for a time—we had the pleasure of taking her with us down the Straits to Penang and Singapore. We had a pleasant missionary party of seven, and only two other passengers, and except for the seasickness from which she suffered, she enjoyed the trip to the full. She was always a lover of afternoon tea, and we would laugh—and she as much as any of us—to see the way her drooping spirits would revive at four o’clock, when our genial captain would have tea served on deck in dainty Chinese cups, followed by really good ice-cream and fresh cake, which our Chinese cook took great pride in making for us. . . . It was a new world to her, that Malaysia country, and it was a pleasure to see her delight in and her appreciation of everything. Her trip was of benefit to her; but she did not grow strong as fast as we had hoped, and when I talked with her of a longer vacation in the hills being necessary, she said, ‘Now, if you think, after all, I will not get well, do n’t let them spend any more money on me’—a remark most characteristic of her.

“When I saw her again, after her stay in

the hills, she had greatly improved, and I was very hopeful of her, and was not at all prepared for her sudden going.

“Dear, patient heart, so like the heart of her Master! She possessed more of his humility than any person I ever met. Indeed, I have never seen any one who, to my mind, gave a truer idea of what Jesus was like as he went about among men, than Phœbe Rowe. It is a joy to think of the many native villages that have had such a representative of a Christ-like life as was hers. Who can estimate the value of her life there?

“After all, it is not likeness to Christ that makes the lives of some saintly people unattractive; but the admixture of that that is not Christ-like. O for more such healthy, normal, Christ-like lives as hers—with pure love as the mainspring, and common sense as the balance-wheel!”

THE following hymn, called by those who had heard Miss Rowe sing, "Phoebe Rowe's hymn," was especially a favorite of the late Dr. Bayliss, and after she left he set the tune to music and published it in the *Western Christian Advocate*, from which this is taken :

I LEAVE IT ALL WITH JESUS

I leave it all with Je - sus, For he

knows How be-side me Safe to guide me

Through my foes; Je - sus knows, Yes, he knows.

I leave it all with Jesus,
For he knows
Every trial,
Self-denial,
All these blows;
Jesus knows,
Yes, he knows.

I leave it all with Jesus,
For he knows
My contrition
And submission,
All my woes;
Jesus knows,
Yes, he knows.

I leave it all with Jesus,
For he knows,
Making duty
Bright with beauty
Like the rose;
Jesus knows,
Yes, he knows.

I leave it all with Jesus,
For he knows
What to make me,
When to take me
At life's close;
Jesus knows,
Yes, he knows.

I leave it all with Jesus,
For he knows,
There I'll leave me,
He'll receive me,
For he knows;
Jesus knows,
Yes, he knows.

GONE HOME*

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

She has gone home to that glad land which lies
Not far away, yet veiled from mortal sight,
Lest the clear shining of its cloudless skies
Dim all the radiance of our earthly light.

"The Lord had need of her " for some high task
Of noblest service that his angels know,
And yet to-day, with faltering lips, we ask,
"Can there be need in heaven like ours below?"

She, whose soft eyes with love's own pitying ray,
Serene as stars, shone through the world's dark night,
How shall the lost and wandering find their way
To the dear Lord without that tender light?

Dear hands that served the Master day by day,
Bearing to hungry souls his heavenly bread—
Feet that unwearied followed in the way
To cross of shame, or mount where angels tread—

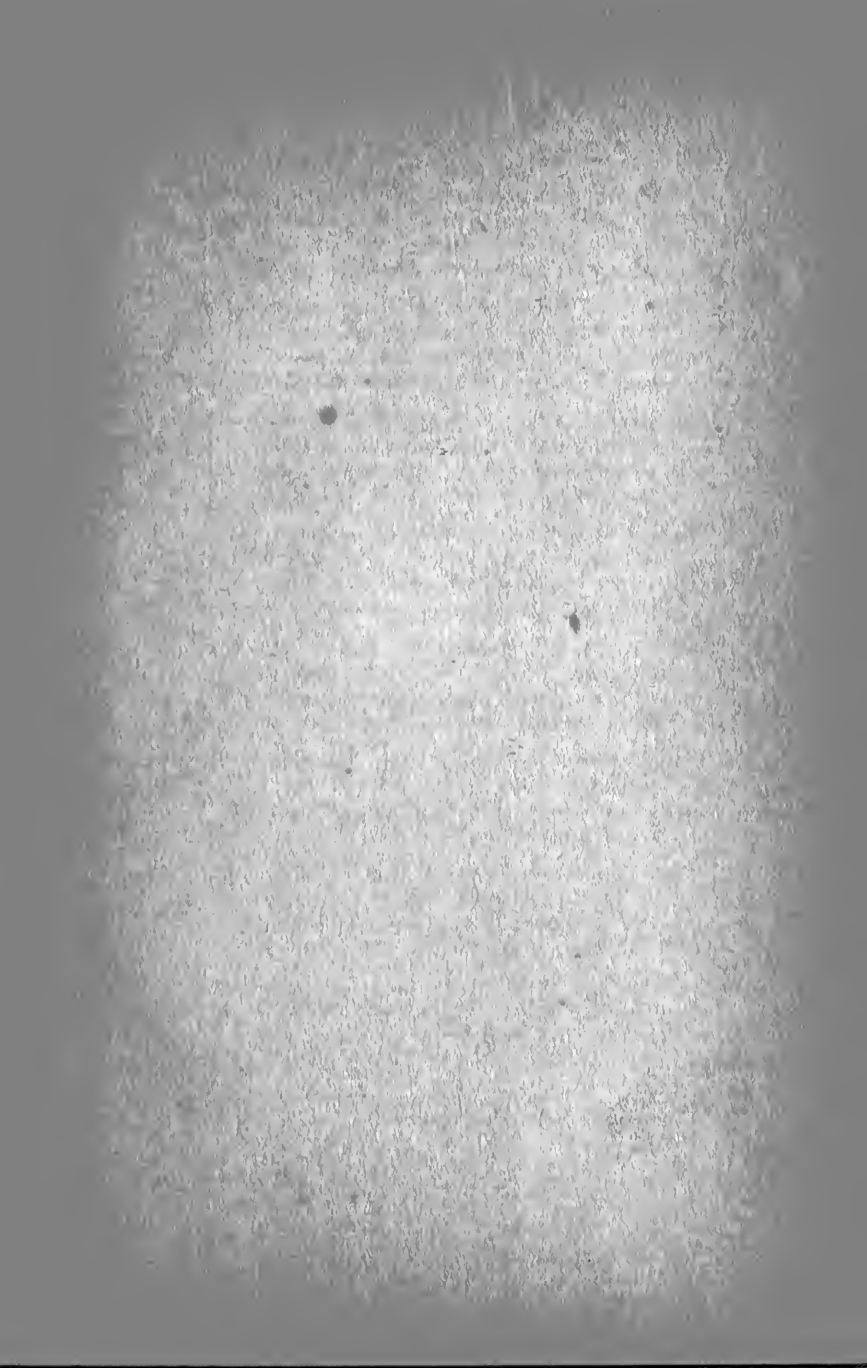
We can not guess upon what errands blest,
In that bright world of joy, to-day ye go,
Or with what deep unshadowed peace ye rest
Where the still waters through his pastures flow.

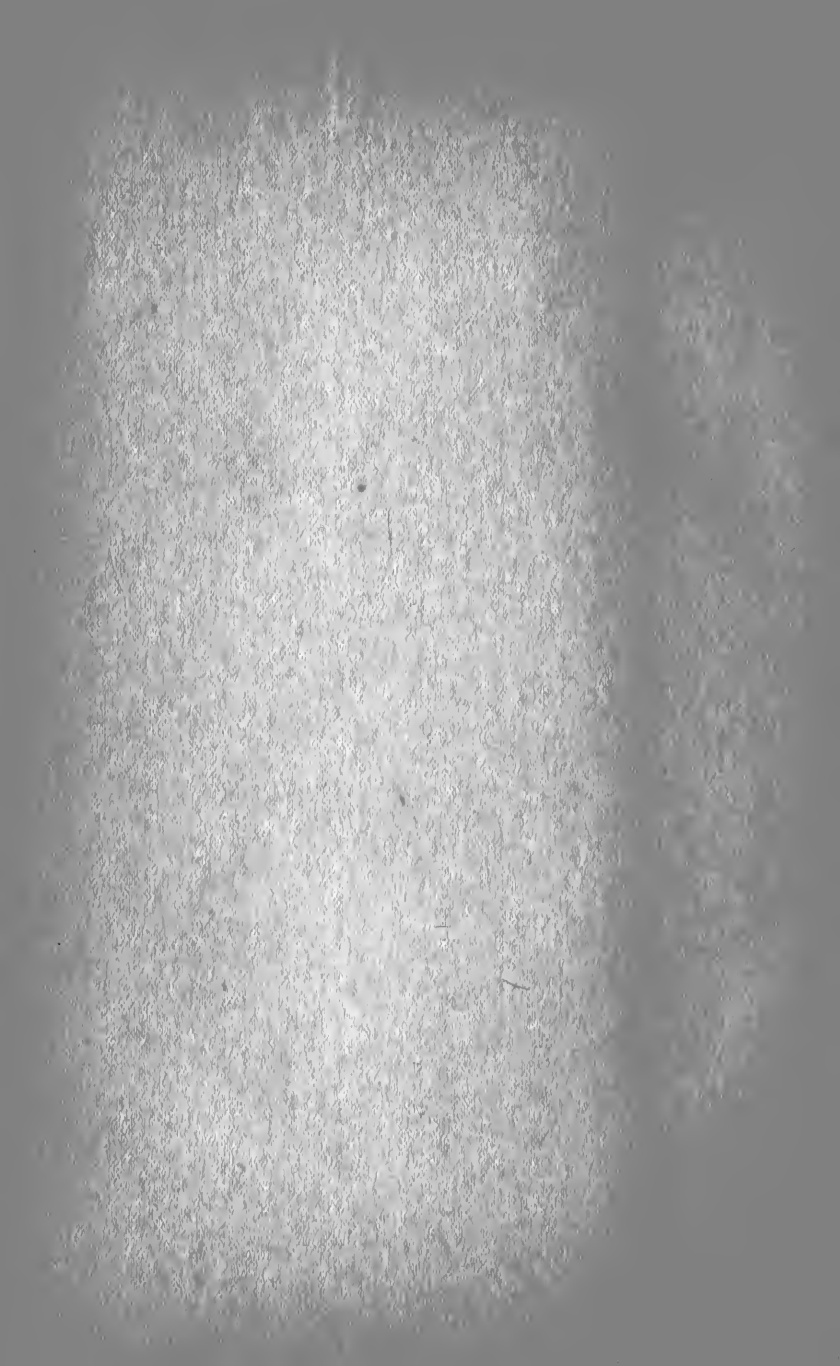
Sweet, wondrous voice, whose clear, entrancing note
Could touch the listening heart with hallowed thrill,
Will not thy music through the silence float,
And lift our souls to heavenly rapture still?

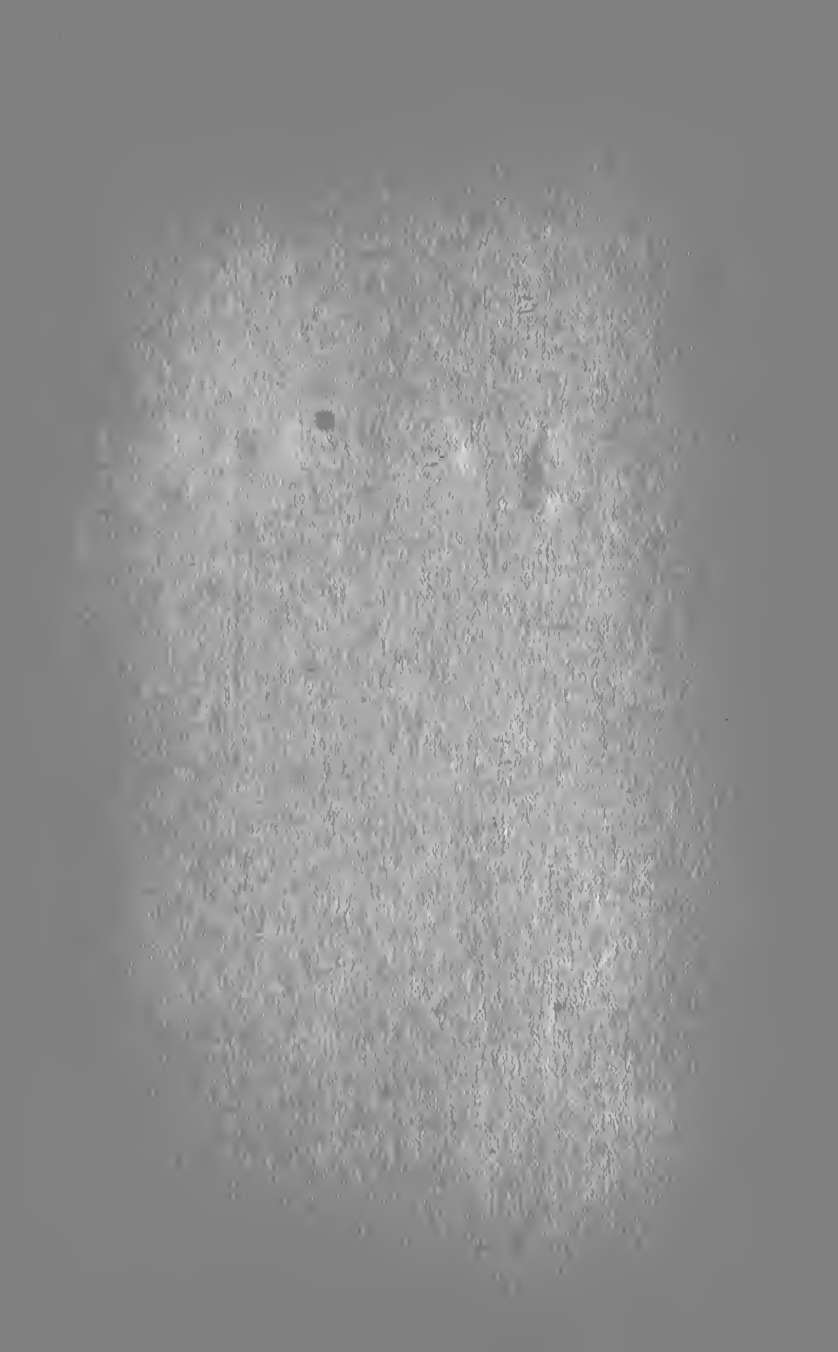
Not far away in the sweet hour of prayer,
But living, loving, joining in our praise,
Our faith can see thee, grown more heavenly fair,
With the old smile and dear familiar ways.

Our faith repeats thy message, clear and sweet,
" *The day-star shines—the mountains catch the ray ;
The desert blooms before the herald's feet ;
The morning dawns! The shadows flee away!*"

*Written in memory of Phœbe Rowe for the Memorial Service
at Indianapolis, October 29, 1898.







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